

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

THE statement that Mr. George Alexander was unwilling to risk the loss that so often follows the production of blank verse drama, and had, therefore, indefinitely shelved Mr. Stephen Phillips's play "Paolo and Francesca," has quickly been denied. Mr. Alexander declares himself a believer in the dramatic success of Mr. Phillips's tragedy, and states his intention of performing it as soon as other arrangements make it possible. Mr. Phillips, we may add, is still at work in adding touches here and there; but, as it stands, the drama is pronounced by good judges to be very noteworthy.



EVERY copy of the new edition of Mr. Kipling's Prose Works which Messrs. Macmillan are now issuing bears the little "trade mark" which we reproduce. The swastika, or fylfot, over the signature, is an emblem of good fortune, and is one of the oldest forms of ornament.

ARRANGEMENTS for a new London daily paper at a penny are now in active preparation. It is to be Liberal in politics, there is much money at its back, and illustrations are to be a regular feature.

THE latest little Irish book to appear—and during the present "revival" there have been many—is *Idyls of Killowen*, or "A Soggarth's Secular Verses," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, brother of Lord Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice, to whom the book is dedicated. A soggarth, it must, perhaps, be explained, is a priest. Subsequently Father Russell will reprint his serious poems under the title *Vespers and Compline*. To defend his spelling of "Idyl," Father Russell claims that the analogy of "label" from *labellum*, "libel" from *libellus*, "metal" from *metallum*, and "pupil" from *pupillus*, should be sufficient.

At the end of Father Russell's book, which is issued by Mr. Bowden, we find a pamphlet containing particulars of other of Mr. Bowden's publications, together with portraits of their authors and biographical information. That is nothing new; the novelty in this compilation is the analysis of readers likely to be interested in each of Mr. Bowden's books. Thus one book must be shunned by readers who dislike levity; another will appeal to readers of Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*; a third (by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne) calls for perusal from "every lover of Stevenson and Mr. Kipling"; a fourth is for the general reader; a fifth must not be touched by members of the Society of Friends and the Peace Society; a sixth (by Mr. Joseph Hocking) will be voted by school-boys "as good as Stanley Weyman or Conan Doyle." Mr. Bowden has clearly been at much pains to classify his works, but he has yet to learn that comparisons are odious.

ON page 94 of this issue will be found several poems in praise of the strawberry, written in connexion with our prize competition. Hitherto the fruit has been neglected by the poets: possibly they think it is poem enough in itself. But, as one of the competitors reminds us, Mr. Henley has sung its praises, although only incidentally. In his ballade, "Made in the Hot Weather" (that wonderful catalogue of coolnesses), he writes:

Of ice and glass the tinkle,
Pellucid, silver-shrill;
Peaches without a wrinkle;
Cherries and snow at will
From china bowls that fill
The senses with a sweet
Incuriousness of heat;
A melon's dripping shreds;
Cream-clotted strawberries;
Dusk dairies set with curds—
To live, I think of these!

And he has a strawberry rondeau too.

THE portrait below is the latest that has been taken of M. Jules Verne. Had we appended no name, how many of our readers, we wonder, could have identified the likeness? Indeed, there are many persons who are unaware



M. JULES VERNE.

that Jules Verne still lives. The romancist is now seventy-one. But a life of almost Spartan simplicity has ensured him an old age of extraordinary vigour and faculties undimmed. He still produces his one or two stories a year, which boys are reading both in France and England with the avidity that we ourselves, when at school, kept for them. At the present moment the *Boys' Own Paper* is printing a new Jules Verne serial. May it have many successors!

APPROPOS of the picture of Mr. Guy Boothby, seated in his armchair, dictating a new novel to a phonograph, which we printed last week, we have received the following lines from a correspondent, R. M.:

The old order passes, the new order comes,
And Fiction to-day as a trade simply "hums,"
So that Grub Street's inhabitants, once on the rates,
Are now to be found at their country estates.
The public, who pay, name the tunes of their choice,
And the novelist-merchant, by heeding their voice,
By pouring his tales in the phonograph's ear
At the rate of four six-shilling thrillers a year,
And by trusting to Watt (who is Muse number ten)
Attains the ideal of good business men:
A mansion (by Maple) with everything fitting,
And once every week a photographer's sitting.
Meanwhile, from the humanist's studious work
The public turn off with intolerant smirk.

Do I blame? Not a morsel. These impotent rhymes
Are merely to notice a sign of the times.
Nor do I presume to suggest which is greater:
George Meredith—King, or Guy Boothby—Dictator.

THE fashion for buying books in hundreds is spreading. Messrs. Bell & Sons are now offering the public the privilege of picking one hundred volumes from the catalogue of Bohn's Libraries in return for twelve monthly payments of a guinea each; or fifty volumes for seven monthly payments of a guinea each. In addition to the Bohns they present a copy of *Webster's Dictionary*.

It looks as though the Cowper Centenary may be a failure. The people of Olney, it seems, view its celebration entirely without enthusiasm, and decline to consider the proposal to acquire the poet's house. Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney, Cowper's biographer, who is the chief mover in the matter, has been trying to convince his fellow townsmen that their duty is to purchase the house, and, letting the rest of it, keep the poet's parlour sacred to his memory. With the house should be preserved the garden and Cowper's summer-house, and all this should be accomplished by April 25, 1900, the hundredth anniversary of Cowper's death. We quite agree, but the word is largely with Olney.

M. JULES CLARETIE's paper on Shakespeare and Molière, which he read at the Lyceum last week, has, we are glad to note, been secured for the *Fortnightly Review*. It was too good to be heard once imperfectly in a theatre, and then no more. Among M. Claretie's *obiter dicta* were these:

Shakespeare is far more difficult to appreciate in France than Molière in England.

Cassio's speech on drink is the greatest temperance oration ever delivered. Shakespeare ought to be made honorary president of every teetotaler's association.

The women of Shakespeare are models of grace and beauty. The shrewd, practical, clever women of Molière are made to be married.

When Voltaire said that Hamlet was the dream of a drunken savage, that only showed how foolish clever people are. But Voltaire's attack directed attention to Shakespeare's works. Gounod once said, when he heard one of his pieces being played on a barrel-organ: "One can only reach popularity through calumny."

Amid all the inquietudes ranging on the horizon, the eternal Shakespeare is associating, by his masterpieces, the public of England and France. Shakespeare, though long dead, mobilises the soldiers of art who are moving forward to fight for his glory. Nothing is greater, more beautiful, or noble than the art which brings nations together, and stretches its majesty over all quarrels as the sun shines over the conflicts of every day; and as the sun shines for all men, so is art the same for all nations, and a man's genius the great reservoir of human peace.

THIS is the Introduction to Zola's new novel, "*Fécondité*," prefixed to the opening chapters in *L'Aurore*, where the story is now running:

"*Fécondité*" is a study, drama, and poem at the same time. It celebrates and glorifies the achievements of a numerous family. Around the central character, who knows how to love and to will, to work and to create, in the midst of a constantly growing family, Zola has grouped more than fifty subordinate personages of the opposite kind, bad and decadent representatives of the modern social-economic order—men and women who carry death and dissolution with them in the lives of Malthusianism, in the terrible mortality of children.

"*Fécondité*" is the history of the dissolution of the capitalistic industrial system, the history of fatal and deadly poverty; it is the picture of social hell, the result of social injustice, which inevitably entails the ruin of country and humanity.

It is impossible to create a more impressive and striking drama than that contained in Zola's tale of two deliberate murderers, who are depicted in a series of marvellous scenes. At the same time it is difficult to conceive of a more reassuring, more inspiring, and elevating poem than is given here. In the pages of this novel, full of joy and charm, there is the triumphant song of the all-conquering family—the family which conquers by virtue of its numbers, which brings to the country and humanity the hope of to-morrow, health, joy, indomitable energy, in the interest of the coming society and for the erection of justice and truth.

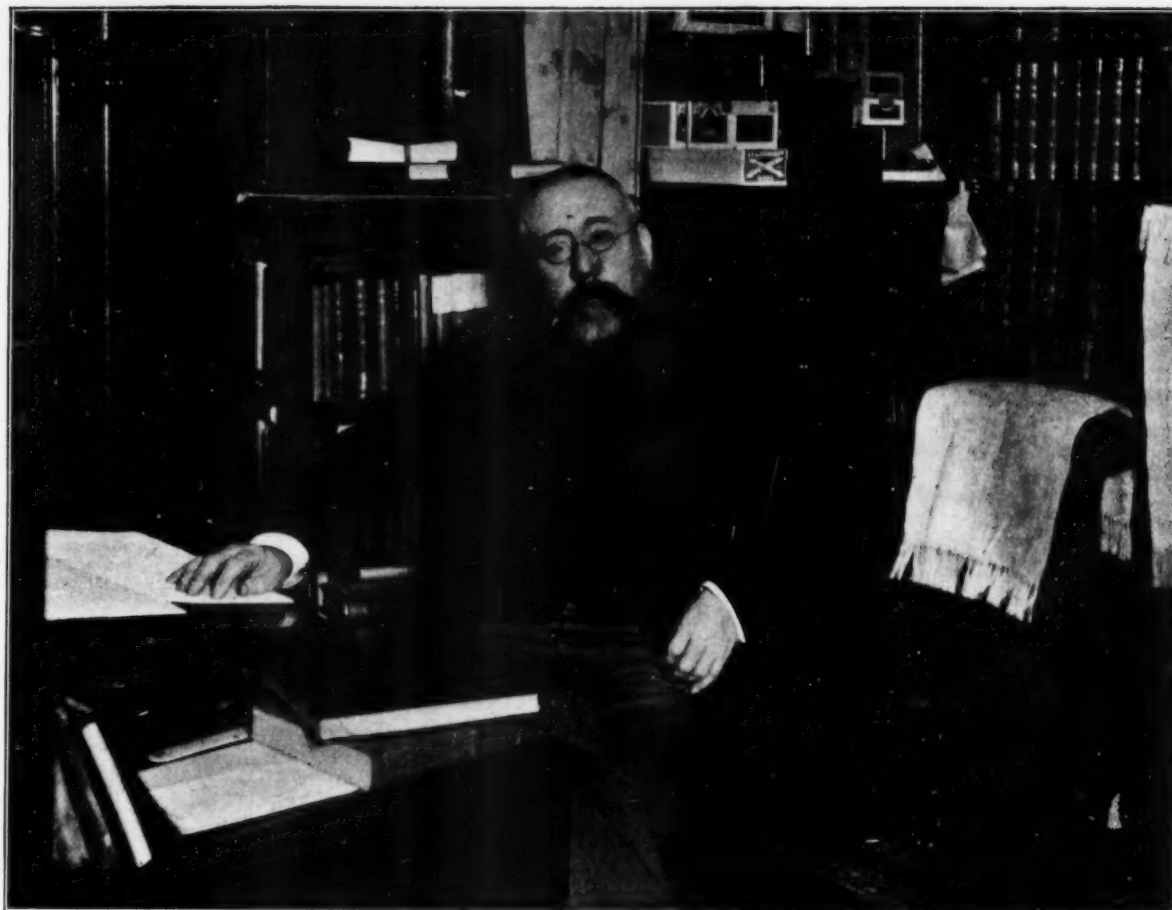
It now seems to be a definite rule that two books of a kind shall always be published together. To give a concrete example, *The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais*, upon which Mr. J. G. Millais has been engaged for a long time, is to be published in September, in two volumes which are likely to cover the ground pretty thoroughly. But none the less we are promised also *Sir John Everett Millais: His Art and Influence*, by Mr. A. L. Baldry. The two books will differ considerably, of course: one takes the man and his art together, and the other the artist only; and yet some confusion between them is probably inevitable.

AN intermediary between ourselves and posterity has arisen in the person of a country clergyman, who, through the medium of his parish magazine, circulates the following appeal: "The ancient oak chest belonging to the parish has been restored and placed in the schoolroom. It is over 200 years old. If any parishioners have books or articles of public interest which they would like to give to the parish, and hand down to posterity, they will be welcomed by the rector and churchwardens, and deposited in the chest."

ANOTHER unique English collection has passed into the possession of America. Mr. D. C. Heath, the Boston publisher, has purchased the library of children's books and educational works issued by the house of Newbery from 1740 to 1800, which was brought together by Mr. Charles Welsh when he was writing the biography of John Newbery—Oliver Goldsmith's friend and publisher. The collection is now being catalogued and arranged. It contains many unique treasures, and forms an instructive object-lesson in the evolution of children's literature and of the school-book.

BATH has just erected a memorial to the great Beau Nash. It takes the form of a tablet on the wall of "The Garrick's Head," an old inn on the Sawclose, which is supposed to have been the Beau's house.

WE give this week a portrait of Prof. Saintsbury, with whose Monograph on Matthew Arnold the new series of "Modern English Writers" has just begun. Prof.



MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From the Copyright series of Portraits of Contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica"

George Edward Bateman Saintsbury, who is the present holder of the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature at Edinburgh, will be fifty-four this year. Few men can have reviewed more books than he, and for few critics do so many other critics lie in wait. The notices of the Matthew Arnold monograph now appearing in different quarters offer copious illustration to the point. Prof. Saintsbury was one of the stalwarts of the old *Saturday Review*.

To the penny reprints of Scots classics which the Peterhead *Sentinel* issues, have now been added selections from the *Poems and Songs* of Robert Tannahill, the weaver poet. His music is as sweet as ever it was. No one writes like this to-day :

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny ;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;
And far be the villain divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dunblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen ;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

And again :

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed with sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain ;
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

ANOTHER of the week's reprints is Leigh Hunt's *World of Books, and Other Essays*, in Messrs. Gay & Bird's tiny "Bibelot" series. Leigh Hunt's happy fancy and genial bibliolatriy are as well suited for a pocket volume as anything is. A booklover on a Sunday morning might without sin slip this little tome in his pocket in place of his manual of devotion. Turning its pages we come on good sentiment after good sentiment, all most prettily turned, and this old favourite :

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;
Time, you thief ! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.

Jenny was Jane Welsh Carlyle.

WE are still waiting for the new satirist, but meanwhile, for our sustenance until the true censor comes, we are offered *Nero ; or, the Trials, Battles, and Adventures of the Sixth Emperor of Rome in Darkest Hades*. The work is described as an allegory, a satire, and a moral ; it is in blank verse ; the publishers are Messrs. Downey ; the length is more than 10,000 lines ; and the author is Mr. Horatio Hunt. This gentleman figures in the frontispiece in fancy dress. The poem is supposed to be the work of Nero himself ; but it is a Nero chastened and humiliated by his surroundings. Incidentally Nero visits Mars, and both Sir Robert Ball and Mr. H. G.

Wells should be interested in his comments on that luminary:

'Tis full of huge volcanoes, and contains
More water than the earth. The forms of life
Inhabiting this planet chiefly are
Of an amphibious kind, of monstrous size.
All sorts of Saurian reptiles crawl about
Upon its banks; whilst here and there I saw
A huge rhinoceros or winged beast
With several heads; but human creatures there
Were none; nor any form akin to man.
The heat was most intense; and though I was
Not clothed with flesh, yet I distinctly felt
Th' oppression of the sultry atmosphere.
A flight of vultures now and then would soar
Above our heads, and then on some remote
And lofty cliff would perch. The thundering sound,
Caused by the terrible volcanic fires,
Was louder than the everlasting roar
Of Vulcan's furnace; whilst the constant streams
Of lava, which the mountains belched, one half
The globe did darken! This accounts for that
Peculiar reddish colour which doth make
The planet Mars conspicuous. The rays,
That fall directly from the sun upon
That world, are greatly modified in their
Intensity of brightness by the fogs,
And smoke, and sultry firmament, with which
It is encompassed.

The industry which went to manufacture this amazing book we cannot sufficiently admire.

A LITTLE while ago we printed an article in which the apparent impossibility of at the same time writing about Dickens and maintaining perfect accuracy was illustrated. And now comes "Pickwickiensis" with a long indictment, in the *St. James's Gazette*, of Mr. Lang's inaccuracies in his introduction to the *Pickwick Papers* in the Gadshill Edition. But we cannot take Mr. Lang's critic as seriously as he takes him himself. Indeed, Mr. Lang's humour is at the bottom of the attack, as this extract will denote:

XV. Of the "Bill Stumps" incident, the Editor [Mr. Lang] says that the Brough stone was deciphered as Runic before it was discovered to be Greek—and even part was interpreted: "O Boy, none regretted thee more than those who prematurely buried thee." Incredible as it may seem, the Editor here detects an allusion to the Fat Boy! "as if a natural mistake had been made in the case of the Fat Boy," who was not "lamented" or "prematurely buried," and had nothing to do with the business.

Poor Mr. Lang! And in the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Henley is also at him, and well home.

Bibliographical.

A WELL-KNOWN writer, it is said, has written for a leading London theatre a comedy in rhymed heroic verse. I doubt very much if this announcement will arouse anything approaching to ecstasy in the bosom of the average playgoer. He gets blank verse in his Shakespeare, of course; but, owing to the way in which it is recited, is scarcely conscious of it. As for rhymed verse (save for its occasional appearances in our acted "Bard") it has dropped out even of the theatrical burlesques—a sphere in which, in the old days, it used to flourish. Of course we shall see what we shall see, but certain it is that the present-day theatregoer is not predisposed favourably to rhymed verse on the stage. Bulwer Lytton made an experiment of this sort in his "Walpole," a three-act comedy which was published in 1869, but has not, I think, been reprinted or publicly performed. For myself, I cannot imagine any audience being satisfied with dialogue of this sort (between Walpole and his "confidant," Veasey, M.P.):

WALPOLE.

George's reign, just begun, your tried worth will distinguish.

VEASEY.

Oh, a true English king!

WALPOLE.

Tho' he cannot speak English.

VEASEY.

You must find that defect a misfortune, I fear.

WALPOLE.

The reverse; for no rivals can get at his ear.
It is something to be the one public man pat in
The new language that now governs England, Dog Latin.

The penultimate couplet in "Walpole" runs as follows:

VEASEY.

How dispersed are the clouds seeming lately so sinister!

WALPOLE.

Yes, I think that the glass stands at Fair—for the Minister.

The well-known writer cannot very well sink below *that*.

Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, has sent out a little paper-covered book containing a story by Wilkie Collins called *The Guilty River*. There is, however, nothing whatever in the book, from title-page to "finis," to indicate that Mr. Arrowsmith has published it twice before—in his "Bristol Library" in 1884, and as a "Christmas Annual" in 1886. I ask myself whether a humane publisher ought to set these traps for young reviewers, whose acquaintance with contemporary literature began, perhaps, only the day before yesterday.

The *Essays* (by Samuel Roffey Maitland) on *Subjects Connected with the Reformation in England*—of which a new edition is promised—appeared originally in the *British Magazine*. Thence they were republished, with additions, in 1849. To think that they should be called for again, at the expiration of half a century!

There have been several biographies of Dante since, rather more than a century ago. Penrose devoted a book to him and to Petrarch. In 1876 we had Mrs. Oliphant's sketch in *The Makers of Florence*, which no doubt suggested (or was suggested by) the monograph on the poet which she wrote for her own series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers." Then we had the memoir by Mr. Oscar Browning in 1891, and that by Mr. A. J. Balfour in 1895. Since then we have had Miss C. M. Phillimore's little work on *Dante at Ravenna*. All this is pretty fair; yet Dr. Hogan promises us yet another biography of Dante, to be with us next season. And who shall say that it may not supersede all its predecessors?

Mr. Poel's proposal to perform "Hamlet" according to the text of the first quarto (1603) is very characteristic of that industrious enthusiast. No doubt the performance, if it takes place, will cause a demand for copies of the quarto; and the question is, Are there any on the market? Are there any remaining of those published in facsimile in 1880, or of Mr. Timmins's reprint in 1860 of the quartos of 1603 and 1604? The first quarto seems to have been reprinted also in 1825 and 1858, in the latter year by the Duke of Devonshire in a limited edition.

The Hookham Frere correspondence will, of course, be very welcome and acceptable. Frere himself—though I fear few read him nowadays—has had justice done to him in the memoir written, and the collection of *Works* edited, by Sir Bartle and W. E. Frere. His versions of Aristophanes are, to be sure, classical, and were reprinted so lately as 1894 in the "Hundred Books" series. Still, how many people turn to them? Is it not likely that Frere's name will be better remembered by and by in connexion with the *Anti-Jacobin* than in association with Aristophanes?

Has Disraeli's *Life of Lord George Bentinck* been reprinted since 1872, when it came out in an eighth edition, revised? If it has not, there should be a brisk demand for the edition which Mr. Coningsby Disraeli is said to be preparing.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Ibsen the Man.

Henrik Ibsen; Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson: Critical Studies. By George Brandes. With an Introduction by William Archer. (Heinemann.)

IN England, France, Germany, and even Denmark—to judge from these *Studies*—it is the fashion to regard Ibsen as neither a man nor an artist, but rather as an impersonal moral force. Dr. Brandes, though we do not agree with Mr. Archer that he is a great critic, is certainly



THE AUTHOR OF 'GHOSTS.'

a fine critic. He knows Ibsen's work thoroughly, and the details of his history. He knows Ibsen himself; has visited him, and corresponded with him for many years. His unsurpassed acquaintance with the literature of modern Europe makes his collations, his comparisons, and his perspectives, of peculiar value. His attitude is essentially sympathetic; and he is not without that magic seeing which alone is criticism. Yet, so pre-occupied is he—in a professorial and tremendously fluent way—with the political, social, and moral causes and tendencies of Ibsen's plays, that he has not found opportunity to emphasise the two facts concerning his subject which, to our view, shine out most clear and most alluringly. These facts are: First, that Ibsen is an artist at the beginning and at the end, and a moralist only inci-

dentally; second, that the psychological interest of his figure as man and artist is probably unique in the century.

Ibsen is now over seventy. In fifty years he has produced about half that number of plays—one every alternate year. During the first fourteen years of this period he lived in Norway and published six plays, "in hideous editions, on bad paper, sold to the number of a few hundred copies." Instead of fame he had gained notoriety; instead of applause "a howl of exasperation." And it was inevitable. (To-day Ibsen must be aware that it was inevitable; the bitterness will long ago have passed from him.) For he happened to be, by temperament, of that class of persons who can regard life and its "real, actual horrors" with steady, unblinking eyes. "Nothing awed or frightened him." He tore off all concealments, and talked calmly, but boldly, of what he saw beneath. He was incapable of compromise, either by silence or by equivocation. The possessor of such a temperament is bound to be either a social reformer or an artist. Ibsen was not a reformer. He never showed more than the average man's dilettante interest in reform. He has beliefs, theories, as his printer and his shoemaker have; and probably he can get as warm as they in supporting them by argument. But as for participating in reform, as for sacrificing a single hour of his time for a Cause—Ibsen, like the printer and the shoemaker, was always far too busy with his work for that. Conscious beyond doubt of his vocation and destiny, he utterly rejected altruism, which is an affair for second-rate imaginations. His imagination was first-rate. He was born to be a great

artist, and nothing else. The world, humanity, his own ideals, and the ideals of others: these things were merely material to him.

The fact that his temperament found its outlet in artistic creation made his position, especially in a small country like Norway, much more difficult than if he had happened to lecture from a platform, or personally defy the conventions, or lead a mob against Government uniform. You may throw eggs at a preacher, or ignore a nonconformist, or incarcerate a demagogue; and the action will at once allay your own annoyance and serve to him as a stimulus. But with an artist it is different. You cannot effectively reply to the attack of a great artist. It is unanswerable. He speaks—"in hideous editions, on bad paper"—and your "howl of exasperation" sounds only ridiculous. Then, maddened into a loss of dignity, you descend to the meannesses of your nature and begin to persecute him—and his wife, if he has one. You well know that you are behaving feebly, contemptibly; but you persevere. Now the reformer welcomes persecution: it stimulates him; it almost ceases to be persecution. To the artist persecution is precisely persecution. It interferes with his calling, instead of assisting it, and his calling is sacred. Therefore he will seek an escape at any cost save that of art.

And so Ibsen, when he was thirty-five, came to a momentous and inspired decision. "Love's Comedy" had enraged the whole excellent Fatherland, and in Norway, there was for him "no room to live." Assured of a small regular income, he left his country, and thus purchased his artistic freedom at a price which, its magnitude being obvious, need not be here assessed. From 1864 to 1891 he existed in furnished lodgings, passing at intervals of years from Rome to Dresden, from Dresden to Munich, from Munich to Rome, backward and forward, restless but imperturbable. He made no attempt to form a home; since he could not have the one he desired, he would have none. When Dr. Brandes asked him if anything in the flat was his, "he pointed to a row of pictures on the wall: they were the only things that were his own." He lived the life of the *appartement meublé*, like any bourgeois, seeking recreation at the *café*, where the city could see him daily sipping his particular beer at his particular hour. He may have made acquaintances, but he did not make friends. "Friends," he wrote, "are a costly luxury, and when one invests one's capital in a vocation or a mission in life, one cannot afford to have friends. The expensiveness of friendship does not lie in what one does for one's friends, but in what, out of regard for them, one leaves undone." Marital affection was left, but that meant no more to him than to his printer or his shoemaker; he had no high-flown notions on that subject. "Mill's assertion or confession that he owed much, and that the best, in his writings to his wife, seemed especially ridiculous to Ibsen, with his marked individualism. 'Fancy!' he said, smiling, 'if you had to read Hegel or Krause with the thought that you did not know for certain whether it was Mr. or Mrs. Hegel, Mr. or Mrs. Krause you had before you!'" In this he was more than a little Bismarckian. He declined to connect himself with any magazine, to lend the renown of his name to any controversy, and he only wrote to the newspapers when his rights were threatened—when some absurdity of copyright law touched his pocket.

Look at him as he sits in some Munich square or in his furnished drawing-room—look at this man, short and thick-set, elegantly tailored, gruff, taciturn, lips compressed, slightly embarrassed in manner, content with his beer and his hired sofas, and say whether—apart from his art, his craft, his profession—he is to be distinguished from the ordinary sojourner in Bloomsbury who buys foreign papers and strolls down to the *Café Royal* of an afternoon for a *quinquina* and a cigarette. Indeed, he himself would not have thanked you to attempt any distinction. Like many great artists, he has had the ambition

to be unusual only in his art. He has sought spiritual solitude, and found it, by losing himself in the crowd. Not for him are fads, peculiarities, cries, causes, aberrations, eccentricities, infractions: such luxuries would distract him from that sublime and inexorable mistress to whom half a century ago he vowed his life.

If you have sufficient detachment of mind to bring to his plays an appreciation purely æsthetic, you cannot fail to perceive that their author is an artist to whom art, in its most exclusive sense, is everything—a man wholly pre-occupied with the opulence of his inspiration and the perfecting of his technique, with the *minutia* of means and effects, the contrivance of new strokes and the evocation of new beauty. The early dramas must be considered marvellous, but those of his middle and later periods are more; they are miraculous. It was not by chance that *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* came next after his departure from Norway: these were the justification of his self-exile, transcendentally proving the rightness of the choice he had made. Follow the plays one by one, as they regularly issued forth in every alternate year, and you will see in the waxing brilliance of their technique the key to Ibsen's inner history. Other dramatists, though not many, have been more plenteously inspired than he, but none was ever so proudly an artist, none was ever so completely and finally master of his craft. In *Hedda Gabler* is the very arrogance of incredible skill. Before it can be surpassed a new convention of the theatre will have to arise.

This supreme virtuosity is only to be achieved in one way, and that by men whose whole soul is in the business of achievement. Ibsen got it as (less supremely) Flaubert and de Maupassant got it: he laboured. He laboured daily for forty years, without divergence. One can see him, reserved, resolved, sitting down to his desk morning after morning in that flat of which only the pictures are his, handling pen and turning paper with the intimate familiarity of the workman at work, writing and slowly re-writing with the interminable patience of one who is sure of a prescribed result. Though there is no smile on his face it is not hard to divine his private and secret joy as that result nears and arrives, and he confronts the shades of his greatest predecessors and says, pointing to the *opus*: "Learn what skill is."

That is his reward.

In 1891 Ibsen went back to Norway. His nostalgia is at last satisfied. His rôle of martyr to an art is over. The finest of his work was produced in the large freedom of exile. Though the three latest plays are beautiful enough, we can detect in them a certain mannerism, a certain restriction and constraint. Just as his genius burgeoned out when he left his native land, so it drooped and contracted when he returned.

Ibsen the Force.

I HAVE read Dr. Brandes's Impressions of Ibsen with a sinking of the heart. Here is a critic—able, fair-minded—who has studied everything Ibsen has written, and who knows Ibsen's self; yet all he gets, or all he is able to give us, are these dry bones of criticism. I who, thank God, am no critic, but merely one of those who have been warmed and lit by Ibsen's fire—I say to myself, What on earth should I make of the man had I no other "Impressions" than those Dr. Brandes gives me? I look these long-considered, separate studies through, and all I find of the Ibsen that I know is set down in the few quotations of the poet's own words. They shine out like lamps above a heap of dusty dissertations. I cannot help wondering what does the old poet himself think of these faint echoes of his music and his thunder; for we have heard, and Mr. Archer reiterates, that Dr. Brandes is a critic of European renown, that he has followed every step of the

poet's development, from the moment when his genius attained anything like maturity. "Here, and here only," says Mr. Archer, "has a critical intelligence of the first order been brought to bear in detail upon the poet's creations."

If this is true, then to the lay mind Dr. Brandes's work is a sorry indictment of the critic's function and his value; for do we not read criticism in the same way that we listen to the words of one who, for good or ill, has come into intimate relation with a great man and his work? Do we not feel that the person who publicly and professionally criticises must have got nearer to his subject than those who run as they read? With this belief, and in all docility of spirit, I approached the Three Impressions of the critic who for two-and-thirty years had studied Ibsen and his work. But I realise now that if I had waited for Dr. Brandes to introduce the great Norwegian to me, I should not have pursued my new acquaintance far. I should have heard too much of Ibsen's idiosyncrasy, and not enough of his fascination. I should have been warned that the poem of *Brand*, the great spiritual drama which had made my heart beat and the tears come, was borrowed from Kierkegaard, and hardly worth the borrowing. I might even have availed myself in the case of *Brand* of the privilege the critic so generously bestows: "The least poetical reader may here call the poet to account." I should have been on my guard against mistaking *Hedda Gabler* for a masterpiece of subtlest yet most moving stagecraft. I should have perceived, with the help of Dr. Brandes, that that particular play was an endeavour to show how in the unaristocratic society of Norway "great natural gifts necessarily lead to disaster." It is surely singular that to audiences in Germany, England, and Italy—in Paris, too, as I myself have seen—this supposed endeavour to teach gentility to the Norwegians has held great gatherings spellbound, and made theatres echo with applause. But Dr. Brandes, seemingly impervious to it himself, takes no account of the electrical effect of Ibsen's stagecraft on the public, and is at no pains to give an idea of his power over the emotions. The critic is more concerned to put his readers on their guard against, for instance, the error of making an undesirable acquaintance. This he tries to effect by the amazing irrelevancy: Mr. Lövborg is "no gentleman." Neither would he have us taken in by Lövborg's belief in his own abilities; as though it were not all-sufficient for Ibsen's purpose that Lövborg should convince the persons of the drama. Because Lövborg's treatise deals with the end and aim of all philosophising that aspires to a practical outcome—viz., the social development of the future; because that is Lövborg's subject, he is, in Dr. Brandes's eyes, "no genius" as well as "no gentleman." Does not Ibsen smile to himself to see Dr. Brandes playing the part of the egregious Tesman, and echoing helplessly: "The Future! Dear me! we know nothing whatever about the Future?"

Indeed, this question as to whether Ibsen's exceptional men are really men of genius seems greatly to have exercised the mind of the critic. He is at much pains to prove Borkman's failure to come up to the Brandes standard, although the critic is fair enough to admit that Ibsen has not been as anxious on this point as his commentator. The playwright seems to have contented himself with drawing human beings. But in that he appears as little to have satisfied his critic as he did a certain English actor, also of very refined tastes, who begged that "The Master Builder" might be re-written for our stage, and Solness made into a nice picturesque sculptor who could wear a velvet coat and long hair. Dr. Brandes's contribution to the discussion is a repetition of his haunting fear that "The Master Builder" may not be "actually a genius." This so weighs on his mind, that he offers Ibsen the luminous suggestion, Solness "ought, perhaps, to have introduced a new style of architecture." I would give a great deal to have seen Ibsen's face when he read that.

One turns away from these bald and doctrinaire *Impressions* with a sense that there may be an advantage in approaching a great poet without the assistance of "a critical intelligence of the first order." One recalls with a flush of gratitude the quick uplifting that came of personal contact with the plays that Dr. Brandes sets himself to dissect. The critic gives no smallest hint, to my sense, of the flashing vitality, the bitter wit, the tenderness so deep and *innig* that it moves one first to tears and then to feel all tears should be straightway dried in a world where such infinite gentleness had found a voice. If it depended on Dr. Brandes, few would guess that the plays were more than philosophic discussions upon social life. He never hints that the people in them are alive; that if you cut them they bleed; that they are friends or foes, but always neighbours.

Indeed, personally, I got a faithfuller "Impression" of the greatness, the aliveness of Ibsen from the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, where, in the fine old fighting days, he was loaded with abuse, but shown, in any case, to be a playwright who, whether you liked it or not, took hold of you and shook you clear of your everyday indifference. Dr. Brandes's Ibsen is as like the Ibsen of the plays as Yorick's skull was to the living face of Yorick. Laying down these skeleton impressions, one says in one's heart: "Alas, poor Ibsen! I knew him a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. Where be your gibes now?—your hits at human frailty, your balm for aching hearts; your height, your depth, your genius that Dr. Brandes grants, and yet in no word of his own is able to make good." Plainly, the poet's fighting days are not over. He is, at seventy-one, still young, in that he is much loved and much hated, and, even by his friends, both understood and maligned. From that far country where he dwells apart—not Norway, nor any other hedged and bounded—he might quite well to-day send forth the message of forty years ago:

I nerve myself anew
To face the fight of life with steadfast daring—
My countrymen, I send you greeting!—you
Who lent me Fear's winged sandals for my faring,
Who lent me Exile's staff and Sorrow's pack—
Lo! from afar I send you greeting back.

There are those (not critics, perhaps; and yet the poet would not despise them for that) who, from all over the civilised world, bear witness in their hearts that the poet's greeting—his gift once in every four-and-twenty months or so—has meant for them a great awakening, an unmatched joy. If people such as these were to register three Impressions, they would be: a memory of personal exhilaration, a conviction of homage due to the Great Exile, and a sense of pride if they might call themselves his humbler countrymen—countrymen because they want no interpreter between him and them, waiting as they do afar off for him to send them another "greeting back"—another great and living play.

C. E. RAIMOND.

Eighteenth Century Gossip.

Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys.
Edited by Emily J. Cleminson. (Longmans. 16s.)

Mrs. POWYS (*née* Girle) was a gentlewoman of the last century. Before her marriage she lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and thence made several pleasant journeys about England. After her marriage her home was Hardwicke Hall, in Berkshire, where she lived a busy and happy life as housewife and woman of fashion. From what we can gather from the diaries and letters which compose this volume Mrs. Powys was of a sweet-tempered, amiable, easy-going nature, with no very remarkable qualities,

much activity, and a quick eye for externals. Had she lacked that eye this book would be trivial indeed; even as it is, the beer it chronicles is often a fluid of disconcerting pallor.

But to turn these pages lazily, without great expectations, is to be gently amused. They certainly bring back the old leisurely spacious life with some vividness. Here is a Norfolk gentleman of 1756, a Mr. Jackson: "You know how he loves company at home, especially when he can have so good a plea as at present for not having the fuss of dining out, as he styles it. If twenty people came in as we were sitting down to table, his dinners are so good they would need no alteration; but the larder is really quite a sight, and different from any I ever saw. . . . I believe always full of everything in season, and the old gentleman often makes us walk there after breakfast that we may all, as he says, have what we like for dinner. The venison and game now in it is astonishing. The Norfolk mutton, too, you know, is famous; but theirs particularly so. They kill all their own, and never eat it in the parlour under three weeks." Mrs. Powys makes a note of many things like that; but farther she does not go. For instance, on the next page, she says: "One morning we went to pay a dull visit to see an odd house, of a still older Mr. Spilman . . . a most strange old bachelor of vast fortune, but, indeed, I'll not fall in love with him. We were introduced to him in the library, where he seemed deep in study (for they say he is really clever), sitting in a jockey-cap and white stiff dog's gloves." And that is all of Mr. Spilman, of whom we want to know everything: the rest is a description of his not very interesting house. Indeed, on the human side Mrs. Powys is sadly weak. However, while at Scarborough in 1757 an opportunity occurred for visiting the Moravian settlement at Pudsey (now more famous as the home of Tunnicliffe, the Yorkshire cricketer), and her account of these strange people is excellent. Three houses lodged the sect. In one dwelt the minister and the children; in the others were the single men and the single women. "Those bound by the matrimonial shackles" lived in the neighbourhood, but gave up their children to be educated in the faith. What that was Mrs. Powys had no notion; but she found the minister's sermon "replete with incoherent nonsense." After the sermon the children were admitted, and the minister addressed them for a quarter of an hour, "but on subjects far above the comprehension of their tender years."

The men and boys have nothing unusual in their dress, but that of the women has something in it extremely odd yet pretty, plain to a degree yet pleasing, because accompanied by the utmost neatness, an ornament even adorning to the meanest habit; their gowns white linen, close to the shape, their cap comes over the face like our largest French night-caps, rounding over the cheek and coming down in a peak over the forehead, and sets close to the face, no hair being seen. To distinguish the ladies, all married Sisters tie the cap under the chin with a large bunch of blue ribbons, the widows white, and the single Sisters with pink, but the knots round the caps of all is muslin, broad-hemmed.

In the sleeping room of the women were "eighty beds, each just large enough for one person, all of white dimity. . . . Every night one woman walks up and down this gallery with a lighted taper."

In 1760 Mrs. Powys witnessed the execution of Earl Ferrers at Tyburn. Being an earl he was hanged with a silken rope. He observed that "the apparatus, and being made a spectacle of so vast a multitude, was greatly worse than death itself." She describes the beginnings of the British Museum, opened at Montagu House in 1759. Among other things was "one room of curious things in spirits (but disagreeable)." She was also in the streets when the death of George II. was announced, and was a delighted spectator of the coronation of George III. "At first coming on the platform, as if astonished at sight of

such amazing multitudes, he clasped his hands, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, stood for some moments in a profound silence, and I dare say (for great is his humility) he never had a meaner opinion of himself than at that instant, to think that all this bustle was for one poor mortal, an earthly king. . . . 'Twas moving to see the excessive joy of the surrounding throng, when one knew the good young king deserved their every acclamation, not from being born to the crown he was going to receive, but by his own intrinsic merit."

In 1762 Mrs. Powys married. She and her husband met "at an assembly (for assemblies, you know, are often productive of matrimony) . . . and soon after agreed—he to love, I to love and obey for life. . . . As many say who have known him from his infancy, he was never guilty of any vice, and hardly of any fault." Together Mr. and Mrs. Powys enjoyed a happy pilgrimage to the grave, smiled upon by many of the great ones of the earth. Of her children Mrs. Powys writes: "One finds them the most agreeable *douceurs* when with one." After marriage Mrs. Powys is less interesting, but rather more self-satisfied. In addition to a very busy social life, involving many guests herself and many visits to her friends' houses, with private theatricals and all the other machinery of entertainment, the good lady, says the editor, did many domestic things exceedingly well. She embroidered, worked in cloth, straw plaited, feather worked, made pillow lace, made mosaic lace, dried flowers and ferns, painted on paper and silk, collected shells, fossils, coins, and was a connoisseur in china, and besides this was an excellent housekeeper. Here, for example, is Mrs. Powys's recipe for Lavender Drops:

Six handfuls of lavender flowers stript from stalks, put them in a wide-mouthed glass, and pour on them four quarts of the best spirit of wine, stop the glass very close with a double bladder tied fast down that nothing may breathe out; let it stand in a warm place six weeks, keep it circulating about, then distil it in a limebeck. When all is run off, put to this water sage flowers, rosemary flowers, buglos flowers, betony flowers, burrage flowers, lily of the valley flowers, cowslip flowers, each a handful gathered in their seasons in dry weather; let this stand six weeks, then put to it balm, motherwort, spike flowers; cut some small bay-leaves, and the flowers of each an ounce; distil all these together again, then put in citron peel, lemon peel, dried single piony seed, and cinnamon, of each six drams; nutmeg, mace, candimums, cubels, yellow saunders, of each half an ounce; lignum aloes, one dram: make these into a fine powder and put them into glass, then take junibes, new and good, a pound stoned and cut small, stop all quite close for six weeks more, shaking it often every day; then run it thro' a cotton bag, then put in prepar'd pearl two drams, ambergrease ditto, of saffron and saunders and yellow saunders each an ounce; put these in a bag and hang them in the water, and close up the glass well; at three weeks end it will be fit to use.

N.B.—When you find any indisposition, or fear of any fit, take a small spoonful with a lump of sugar; it helps all palsies of what kind to cure.

In stories the book is poor; but here is one of Princess Amelia. She asked a remarkably tall young man what he was intended for. "The church," said he. "Oh, sir, you must mistake," said the Princess; "it's certainly for the steeple." Hitherto we have always seen this retort attributed to Curran. The following pun by Pope is perhaps familiar to others, but is new to us: "One day Sir Walter Blunt's father was in Pope's company and talking of punning. Pope said that was a species of wit so triflingly easy that he would answer to make one on any proposed subject offhand, when a lady in the company said: "Well, then, Mr. Pope, make one on keelhauling." He instantly replied: "That, madam, is indeed putting a man under a hard ship."

Mrs. Cleminson, the editor, has done her work of annotation and arrangement with efficiency.

Weeds of Speech.

A New Dictionary of the Terms Ancient and Modern of the Canting Crew. By B. E., Gent. (Facsimile Reprint: Smith, Kay & Co. 21s.)

THIS is a facsimile reprint of the first dictionary of Cant and Slang words published in England—"this it is, and nothing more." No editor comes with obeisance and remarks; no helping word—not even the lost Lenore of the book's date—gives light and direction to the reader. Like the raven that "perched and sat," this dictionary is mute. Who was "B. E., Gent"? It is not known. When was the book issued? It is not stated. However, "B. E.'s" identity can be dispensed with; and the date of his book can, with reason, be put at 1700. Messrs. Henley and Farmer, quoting it in their *Slang and its Analogues*, make the date 1690. But it happens that the year 1695 is tacked to the definition of the word "Punchable"—i.e., old passable money. Let us then adopt 1700. B. E.'s preface is facile and of little worth. He tells us nothing of his aim or method, and his "historical account of the *Beggars and Gypsies*" does not suggest that he hob-and-nobbed with either. There was little need for him to do so. For although B. E.'s work is the first formal and self-contained English dictionary of Cant and Slang, it is by no means our first *vocabulary* of the kind. Such vocabularies were open to B. E. in the works of Thomas Harman, Thomas Dekker, Richard Brome, and other writers. The father of Cant and Slang lexicographers, old Thomas Harman, printed his *Caveat or Warening for Common Cursetors* in 1573. This book, which was not a formal dictionary, may have been useful to Shakespeare, as it has been to all succeeding students of slang. Many "Canting Dictionaries," "Canting Academies," "Flash Dictionaries," "Triumphs of Wit," and similar works bestrew the three centuries which have elapsed since Harman's book was new; but the works which stand forth in real importance are those of Dekker (his *Bellman of London*, &c.); Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, a most valuable production; the *Slang Dictionary* published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus; the *Argot and Slang* of Messrs. Leland and Barrère; and last, Messrs. Henley and Farmer's *Slang and its Analogues*, which, for some time, has stayed its progress at the letter M. These, and the *New English Dictionary* and Dr. Wright's *Dialect Dictionary*, are the students' stand-byes. Nevertheless, great interest attaches to B. E.'s dictionary, and it was worth while to revive it in facsimile. The old wild type and spelling go well with this weed-garden of speech, and the quaint definitions exhale the hot odours of the thieves' kitchens of two hundred years ago.

The title of the collection suggests the distinction between the terms Cant and Slang. These words really mean different things. Cant is the secret language devised by gypsies, beggars, and thieves (the Canting Crew) for carrying on intercourse with each other. Its words have long life. Slang is the tricky, careless, dissipated language which creeps into all walks of life, and is constantly changing. The editor of the *Slang Dictionary* (1874) illustrates the difference between Cant and Slang thus: "A thief in Cant language would term a horse a 'prancer' or a 'prad,' while in Slang a man of fashion would speak of it as a 'bit of blood,' a 'spanker,' or a 'neat tit.'" Cant was devised for secrecy, whereas Slang is often used as a boast of familiarity with life.

At the same time, this distinction is apt to prove cumbersome. Thieves and beggars did not stop at devising words for secrecy; their ingenuity led them to coin words for all occasions, and thus they were makers and adaptors of vulgar slang. Besides, the degree of secrecy varied, and words which were at first intended to be muttered in the hedge-row were soon shouted on the highway. A few Cant words have even crept up the ladder of speech to lips

polite. Filch, which was Cant for steal, is one; and dab, meaning expert, if not good English, survives as respectable slang. Kid, Cant for a child, has enjoyed similar promotion. This Cant dictionary is full of words which were probably never Cant in the strict sense. To "nim" was Cant for steal; but to "cotton," meaning to agree well, had probably a nobler origin. "Dromedary" was Cant for a thief; but "faggots," meaning "Men muster'd for Souldiers, not yet Listed," may be assigned to the Slang division. The blessed light of humour seldom touches thieves' language. Their words are mean, hideous, opaque. To open the door became to "dub the giger"; to lend twopence was to "tip a dace"; to pick a pocket was to "file a cly"; to steal a cloak was to "nim a togeman"; to be expert in any one of these arts was to be its "topping" exponent; while to be accomplished in all was to be a "Dimber-damber"—i.e., "a Top-man or Prince among the Canting Crew; also the chief Rogue of the Gang, or the compleatest Cheat." Some interest attaches to a Cant word like "Abram-cove," meaning a lusty, strong rogue. The word belongs to a group which includes Abram-men, here defined as "the seventeenth Order of the Canting-crew. Beggars antickly trick'd up with Ribbands, Red Tape, Foxtails, Rags, &c., pretending Madness to palliate their Thefts of Poultry, Linen, &c." The name is thought by Nares to date from the dissolution of the monasteries, when numbers of men who had been dependent on the monks' charity turned themselves loose, and became thieving vagabonds. Another explanation connects the Abram-men with the Abraham ward in Bethlehem Hospital. To "sham Abraham," meaning to feign sickness, is still in vogue (Henley and Farmer). "Angler" is an instance of the forcible seizure and degradation by the "canting crew" of a good English word. In their noxious vocabulary an angler is "a petty Thief, who has a Stick with a hook at the end, with which he plucks things out of Windows, Grates, etc., also those that draw in People to be cheated." The word "Ill-fortune" acquired a certain precision in the Canting vocabulary—it meant ninepence.

The number of words signifying a fool or silly fellow is curiously large, and no doubt many of these originally expressed the thief's contempt for his victim. A selection of such words will have interest:

Addle-pate, one full of Whimsies and Projects, and as empty of Wit.

Animal, a Fool. He is a meer Animal, he is a very silly fellow.

Ben, a Fool.

Booby, a dull heavy Lob.

Booberkin, the same.

Bottle-head, void of Wit.

Bully-sop, a Maggot-pated, huffing, silly ratling Fellow.

Clodpate, a heavy dull Fellow.

Clunch, a clumsy Clown, an awkward unhandy Fellow.

Cock-robbin, a soft easy Fellow.

Cod's-head, a Fool.

Corcky-brained, silly, foolish.

Country-put, a silly Country Fellow.

Dndy-prat, a little puny Fellow.

Dulpickle, a heavy, dull, stupid Fellow.

Hulver-head, a silly foolish Fellow.

Inspids, Blockheads.

Jack-adam, a Fool.

Jobbernoll, a very silly Fellow.

Nick-ninny, an empty Fellow, a meer Cod's Head.

Nigmenog, a very silly Fellow.

Oaf, a Wise-acre, a Ninny, or Fool.

Paper-skul, foolish, soft, silly.

Purple Dromedary, a bungling Thief.

Sawny, a Fool.

Sap-pate, a Fool.

Sheep's-head, a Fool.

Simkin, a Fool.

Single-ten, a very foolish, silly Fellow.

Sowse-crown, a Fool.

Tony, a silly Fellow, or Ninny.

Wise Man of Gotham, a Fool.

Of racy, curious, and startling phrases there are so many in these pages that we can but glance at a dozen, and end. Antidote is defined as "a very homely Woman, also a medicine against Poyson." A Fortune is "a rich maid or wealthy Widdow, an Heiress." A Foreman of the Jury, is one "that engrosses all the talk to himself." A Habber-

dasher of Nouns and Pronouns is, of course, Cant for a schoolmaster. Similarly, a dancing master was called a Hop Merchant. Flustered means drunk, and a man may become drunk by imbibing too many "Lines of the old Author," i.e., drams of brandy. What was the origin of the last phrase? Contempt for some weak Government probably inspired the term "his head is full of Proclamations," i.e., taken up with idle matters. Windmills in the Head is an expressive (and surviving) equivalent of idle plans. An extraordinary word was Sun-burnt, "having many (Male) Children." A Conger was "a Set or Knot of Topping Book-sellers of London, who agree among themselves that whoever of them Buys a good Copy, the rest are to take off such a particular number, as (it may be) Fifty, in Quires, on easy Terms. Also they that joyn together to Buy either a Considerable or Dangerous Copy." This is not very clear, but one cannot expect the Canting Crew to understand bookselling. And yet they seem to have had leanings to literature, for apart from their "line from the old Author," we find them using the terms "Hobbist" and "Hide-bound-muse." A Hobbist was "a Disciple and fond Admirer of Thomas Hobbs, the fam'd Philosopher of Malmesbury." Hide-bound-muse is defined as "Stiff, hard of Delivery, Sir J. Suckling call'd Ben. Johnson's so." Cramp-words were difficult or uncommon words; and cramp-words are with us still. Fustian-verse was "Verse in Words of lofty Sound, and humble Sense." Under Crown we have the naïve note: "Where the Earth is raised it is said to be Crown'd with Hills in Poetry." Gapefeed was a good word for puppet shows, &c. The two words Gim-crack and Grass-Widow have had vicissitudes; the first was used for "a spruce Wench" as well as a toy; and a Grass-widow was a much less reputable person than she is now accounted. Dust meant money long before the gold-field lurements of modern times. Lastly, Cathedral could be used as an adjective, meaning "old-fashioned, out of Date, Ancient," but we should blush to say that this book is full of cathedral words.

The "New Thought."

Methods and Problems of Spiritual Healing. By Horatio Dresser. (Putnam's.)

SOME months have passed since the general public in this country was made aware, in a sensational manner, of the existence of the doctrinaire sect of Christian scientists; and though the circumstances of the death of Mr. Harold Frederic were not such as to commend the treatment, to which for a fortnight he submitted himself, its apostles, silenced for the moment, are once more evangelising even as we write.

Mr. Dresser has been a student and observer, he tells us, for fifteen years, and his books on *The Power of Silence* and kindred subjects have had, at least in America, a considerable vogue. A good many people, therefore, may be expected to read his latest volume with serious attention. We have done so ourselves, and are not disposed to regret the time so spent. It is, indeed, lax and unscientific; its style is diffuse and rhetorical; and, short as it is, it abounds in vain repetitions. But the tone is convinced and kindly; and though the phrase, "the New Thought," as applied to the nebulous theories of his school, may provoke a smile, the document is of real interest as a tentative expression of a novel phase of (say) thoughtfulness.

In dealing with mystics one is constantly at a loss for want of any precise and definite statement of the doctrines which they suppose themselves to hold. They are too apt to gallop off on the back of a half-broke metaphor. So far as we can learn from Mr. Dresser's pages, and elsewhere, the fundamental principle is that,

in virtue of the diversity of its nature, mind is independent of matter; that man, therefore, may free himself from bodily evil—he has but, by an effort of the will, to cast out the image of pain which haunts him. Where the will is enfeebled or misguided by habit there is the need and the opportunity of the healer. It is his business to sound in his own heart the note of strength, of courage, of faith, which he desires to set vibrating in his patient. The patient “is requested to assume a comfortable physical attitude and to become as receptive as possible.” (Receptivity is essential to a fit disposition. The natural aptitude for it varies, “coldness of intellect and non-receptivity being found together.” “Only-daughters and wealthy ladies who board prove difficult patients.”) The two having “entered into the silence,” the healer suggests such thoughts as: “I am free! I am free from doubt; I am free from care. I am the free and fearless, impersonal, selfless child of God; and what I am, so are you, my neighbour, as myself; I am eternally perfect; I am master of the body and all its functions.” But here Mr. Dresser comes in with a remonstrance and a distinction: perfect potentially, yes; but not in fact. The true key, he says, is that blessed word Evolution. This is how he would speak:

Put yourself entirely in the present, trustfully, restfully, calmly. You are an immortal soul, and have all eternity before you. Time is of no real consequence—it is simply a matter of mathematical convenience. Space, too, has little meaning for the soul. There is no place in the wide universe where there is more wisdom and power than here in the living present. The omniscient God is here, the source of all life and goodness. He is unlimited by space, unhampered by time. You are eternally a part of Him and of His life. You stand individually for some aspect of wisdom and power which no other soul can represent as well. Your experience is a progressive awakening to the consciousness of that power, and with the discovery of greater power comes greater ability to express it. Peace, then. Trust and be receptive to that Power. Do not nervously strive to grow, but let the soul expand. Let Nature and the sub-conscious mind do their utmost for you, while you devote your conscious thought to the realisation of the Divine Presence, to ways and means of making that Presence known among your fellow men.

But if Mr. Dresser fails to persuade us that the grounds of his confidence are firm to the tread, and though his long years of observation ought, we think, to have issued in a clearer and more orderly exposition of his theory, we can at least sympathise with his amiable attitude and purpose. We rather suspect that it is no “New Thought” that he is struggling to express, but just a very old one, and a very good one, that he has approached from a new side and is slow to recognise: “The Father himself loveth you. . . . Little children, love one another.”

Other New Books.

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

By B. C. A. WINDLE.

This little book, one of the most charming guide-books that we have ever handled, might be called a pocket companion to Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*. All who, reading that book, are stimulated to visit Stratford-on-Avon and its neighbourhood, to reconstruct for themselves the poet's youth, will find Mr. Windle invaluable. He seems to us to have hit the mean very successfully, his pages being not too antiquarian, not too literary, not too descriptive, and not too many. Mr. E. H. New, who has made the illustrations in his own simple and vivid way, has chosen his subjects well: Stratford Church, Shakespeare's House, the Latin School, Shakespeare's Monument, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Charlecote, Evesham Bell Tower, Warwick Castle, Leicester Hospital, Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry's Three Spires, Ford's Almshouses (Coventry), Edgehill Battlefield, and Compton Wynyates. By a happy

thought a map of the Shakespeare country has been pasted in the cover. The book, both for the library and as a travelling companion, is equally choice and serviceable. (Methuen. 3s.)

MR. MIGGS.

By ALEXANDER STUART.

From time to time during the past five years the *Pall Mall Gazette* has printed the opinions of Mr. Miggs, shoemaker and philosopher. The author has now collected the best of the papers into a volume. We wish, for its own sake, that the book had come sooner. Had it come last year the inevitable comparison with Mr. Dooley, whom, of course, Mr. Miggs preceded, would have been avoided. Yet Mr. Miggs is well done, consistent, human, and absolutely credible. Here is a specimen of his manner. His interlocutor had remarked: “Might I not, indeed, call you the rising hope of the stern and unbending social Democrats of the future?”—

“Puttin' aside the hit at my melancholy habit of temper,” he replied, not without dignity, “which perhaps is natural in a man that thinks hard and often for himself, I am a Social Democrat. And what is a Social Democrat? Is he a man what comes to me like a parson, a beadle, and an undertaker rolled into one, and says with tears in his eyes, ‘Miggs, my friend, there's a man lives three streets from you has drunk himself to death through a excessive fondness for alcoholic beverages; and the same has left a widder and six pore little orphans.’ ‘And I'm sorry to hear of it,’ I says, wondering wot he's up to next. ‘But you must be more than sorry, my friend,’ he says; ‘you must contribute somethink out of your hard-earned money to keep 'em in comfort. It's your duty,’ he says, ‘and your highest privilege.’ ‘Stop there,’ I says. ‘It is a duty and a high privilege. But it ain't none.’ ‘Why so?’ he says. ‘This why,’ I says. ‘But for soborality and hard work I would be a intoxicated corp myself. It ain't in natur that you should come to me, which am a hard workin' man with a wife and family. Go to them as brought him to it. Go to the dukes and aristocracy and the capitalists. But don't never come near me.’”

Mr. Miggs epitomises a large class of public-house politicians. His utterances, however, are more readable evening by evening than in the mass. (Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.)

SARAH BERNHARDT.

By JULES HURET.

The most interesting part of M. Huret's book concerning Mme. Bernhardt is undoubtedly contained in M. Rostand's preface. Here the author records the exact details of a typical two hours of Madame's erratic life. The picture presented is that of the real Sarah; the Sarah Paris audiences pant and struggle over; the Sarah who has allured, repelled, magnetised, or disgusted half the world on different occasions. M. Huret's diary of events—it is little more—is sufficiently dreary. “On September 27 she did such and such, and the critics said so and so.” No new light is thrown upon a character which the least intimate acquaintance, the merest on-looker, must recognise as chameleon-tinted. Sarah Bernhardt is a woman who lives every moment of her life. To what end? Most of us have some object in view, some “ultimate goal” to strive for. Does Mme. Bernhardt join hands with her fellow-artists and try to raise the moral tone of the stage? Not even Huret says so. Sarah herself claims the attainment of a high ideal. She writes publicly that she “has planted the French language in the heart of foreign literature,” and that her “personal aid has been the missionary whose efforts have made French the common speech of the younger generation.” M. Huret, too, speaks of her “incorrigible patriotism.” Does Mme. Bernhardt forget that her language is the language of diplomacy?—and that desire to be well versed in the tongue in which the fate of nations is decided may possibly carry as much weight with the world in general as the wish to interpret some special phrase spoken of a celebrated actress? It has been said of Mme. Bernhardt

that, "for her, charity fills a multitude of empty seats. The only recording angel she cares for is the box office-keeper." Again, on the other hand, a man who has worked with her writes: "She is charitable in the highest sense—even to street cats!" What is one to make of such a manifest bundle of inconsistencies?—of a woman who will rhapsodise equally over a baby grand-child and a pet tiger; who will rescue a starving animal, and disappoint a crowded audience by refusing to appear, at the last moment, at an evening performance, because she has "tired" herself acting before some "aristocratic" gathering earlier in the day? Inconsistency makes for interest, but seldom for greatness. Concerning this last we again quote Mme. Bernhardt. Discussing American scenery, she says: "I don't like it. *Everything is so big, too big* . . . nothing but mountains with tops you can't see, steppes that stretch away to the horizon . . . skies that look ten times as high as ours. . . ." To certain minds the invisible "mountain-tops" appeal as heights to gain, and it is to their eyes that an answering brilliance comes from searching the skies—not the human stage!—for stars. (Chapman & Hall.)

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL. BY CANON TEIGNMOUTH-SHORE.

A new volume in the pretty "Cathedral" series by Messrs. Isbister. The letterpress is of the slightest, and yet sufficient to supply any visitor to Worcester with an intelligent understanding of the building and its history. Nothing that Canon Teignmouth-Shore can say is more beautiful than Walton's inscription to his wife's memory, which is quoted as one of the Cathedral's treasures: "Here lyeth buried soe much as could dye of Anne, the wife of Isaac Walton, who was a woman of the *Primitive Piety*, her great and general knowledge being adorned with such true humility, and blest with soe much Christian meekness as made her worthy of a more memorable monument. She dyed (alas! that she is dead) the 17th of April, 1662. Aged 52. Study to be like her." The illustrations by Mr. Hedley Fitton are dainty. (Isbister. 1s. net.)

JOHN MILTON.

BY WILLIAM P. TRENT.

Mr. Trent, who is an American teacher of literature, was forced to write this little book from the conviction that Anglo-Saxons do not honour Milton as they should. His conviction is indubitably right, and we trust that the straightforward and forcible eulogy which resulted from it may have the effect that its author hopes. His work is a mixture of biography and praise, and, considering the space at his command, Mr. Trent has done it very thoroughly. He seems to have read not only Milton himself, but also all Miltonic literature, and hence his book has additional value as a guide to students who propose to examine the subject after him. This passage concerning Milton's prose illustrates Mr. Trent's style and attitude:

Neither Hooker, nor Bacon, nor Jeremy Taylor, nor Sir Thomas Browne, . . . nor any subsequent writer of English gives me the sense of sublime power and variety and nobility—of eloquence in its highest meaning, that possesses me when I read the prose of Milton. Regular it is not, in the way that we properly demand of modern prose, with its multiplicity of duties; it has not the clarity, the neatness, the precision of the French; it does not combine subtle charm and picturesqueness and brilliancy as does the prose of a writer like Châteaubriand; but it is better than all this, better than the stately periods of De Quincey or the regal march of Gibbon, better than the vigour of Macaulay, or the beauty of Ruskin, or the quiet force of Newman—it is either the utterance of a demigod or the speech of an angel.

Mr. Trent, it will be seen, deals in the primary colours. But it is enthusiasm in a fine cause, and may it prevail! (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

Fiction.

Lesser Destinies. By Samuel Gordon. (Murray. 6s.)

THIS is the first novel that Mr. Murray has recently published, and it may be stated at once that the selection is good. It is a story of obscure people and mean streets, of folk that work in factories and live in Montague Dwellings. But the obscurest person is interesting if only we know enough about him, and Mr. Gordon has a sure insight into character, writing, except when he lapses into undue moralising, with crispness and force. Here is an example of dialogue between a couple of work-girls:

"Yes, they do come hanging round, somehow," said Maud scornfully, "but there isn't one of them I'd care to speak to twice. Bank-holiday-in-the-brake sort of chaps; play the concertina, and talk of 'walking-out' till their governor 'll give them a rise. Good company or none, that's my motto."

"Quite right, too; time enough for you to settle down. You've a comfortable home, I'm told," remarked Tabitha.

"Scrumptious," said Maud curtly.

"And your stepfather's very fond of you."

"Too fond."

"How's that?" asked Tabitha, struck by her tone.

"Promise me not to tell anyone? Well, then, I don't like the way he looks at me when we're alone."

Tabitha pondered for a moment. "The brute!" she said, as she caught Maud's drift.

"And that's why I've got to strike out for myself," went on Maud hurriedly. "I want to get away before there's more mischief."

We are chiefly concerned with Tabitha, the faded spinster who clutches pathetically at the phantom of love as it passes her by; and Tabitha in Mr. Gordon's hands is real. So, too, is the deformed youth who does odd jobs about the fifth-rate music-hall; so, too, is Tabitha's brother Jimmy, laid helpless on his back by an injury to the spine. A melancholy cast for the book's drama! But the author does not make the mistake of supposing that the poor have no pleasures. In one character only Mr. Gordon fails to convince. Phoebe, the woman who has slipped from an honourable estate to picking a living from dust heaps, and is now and again found drunk in the gutter, talks with the refinement of a philosophic countess. Flowers bloom in unexpected places; but we are sure that Phoebe must in the gutter have lost the bloom of her manners. Nor does the author always avoid the temptation to unnecessary misspelling which besets those who try to reproduce the speech of the uncultured. "Practickle" and "pitchers" represent simply the lazy pronunciation of "practical" and "pictures," and the torture of the words produces no evidence of good faith. In the main, however, Mr. Gordon has succeeded; for he has made a set of quite unimportant persons very interesting.

From the Broad Acres. By J. S. Fletcher.
(Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.)

THE title-page states that this little volume illustrates "rural life in Yorkshire." We are afraid that it also illustrates something else—namely, the demand for the short story of two thousand words. There are twenty-one stories in the book, and they have a monotony of feeling and touch which argues that they were constructed to meet a certain market. That market having been met—skillfully and satisfactorily met—Mr. Fletcher gathers up the sheaf of confections, binds it in green, and pretends that it is a book. The thing is scarcely a book, but we are not disposed to quarrel with it. Mr. Fletcher would not, we feel sure, wish us to take it so seriously. He is a clever man, and he has done excellent and various work. This work is obviously less good than his best; pending his next appearance as a literary artist, it will serve to remind us of his existence; that is its function.

The tales are favourable specimens of the popular short short-story of the better type. Let their titles speak for them: "The Advent of Julia Ann," "For what shall it Profit?" "Retribution," "For the good of his Soul," "For Certain Pieces of Silver," "A Cast of the Die"—the entire mechanism of the work is laid bare by the mere sound of such titles. We have only one really violent objection to the type, and that lies against the gross sentimentality which seems to be indispensably associated with it. Take the following:

"T' horse fell reight on to him as he pulled it down just on t' edge o' t' quarry," said the foreman in a low voice to old Dick. "I'm afear'd it's all over wi' him, maister; it mun ha' crushed his chest in."

The Irishman opened his eyes. Kitty's face was close to his. She was never sure of it, but she thought he smiled, and she bent still closer to him. She was something more than glad afterwards that she let the generous emotions of her impulsive heart have their own way for once, and that she spoke her gratitude to the dying Irishman in that farewell kiss. For suddenly the wandering harvester was dead by the roadside; and the strangers among whom he had lived for a short month stood staring at each other's sorrowful faces across his body—tattered and torn and dirty as to his habiliments as when he had come down the road that summer morning and peeped into the cool garden to catch a glimpse of Kitty Joyce sitting under the yew-tree.

Why does the British public insist on this? We are convinced that Mr. Fletcher has not put it in to please himself.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY. BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

The country is Japan, on which Mrs. Fraser is known to be an authority. In this volume are tales of New Japan, all with enchanting backgrounds. "Tokyo is a garden," says, for example, the author in the first of them, "in which a city has grown up by accident, and the flowers have the best of it still." In the foreground is the stormy play of passions. Mrs. Fraser can handle her pen, as, indeed, a sister of Mr. Marion Crawford should. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

MRS. KNOLLYS, AND OTHER STORIES. BY F. J. STIMSON.

This is an American book, but it is cosmopolitan in character. The author, who is also the author of *King Noanett*, here offers seven short tales. In one of them, "A Daughter of Spain," an unhappy lover writes this note: "SEÑORITA CONDESA,—Thou lovest me. On the morning thou shalt wed Don Sebastian I kill him. —RAMON DEL TORRE." Directness in correspondence could hardly go further. (Downey. 5s.)

THE HEART OF TOIL. BY OCTAVE THANET.

The work of the lady who is known as Octave Thanet is always careful and sympathetic. These six stories are no exception. They are American, both in manner and matter, and very outspoken. In "The Way of an Election" we find this sentiment: "Folks do get awful worked up over politics; but if that Darcy tries any of his slick, fake talk on Harry, and makes him feel bad, d— if I don't knock his flannel mouth off him!" (Downey. 5s.)

MEN'S TRAGEDIES. BY R. V. RISLEY.

The third volume of American fiction this week. Mr. H. D. Lowry some while ago produced *Women's Tragedies*; this may be taken as its belated companion. Mr. Risley, who is a new American novelist of promise, divides his

men into *The Man Who Loved, The Man Who Hated, The Man Who Bore, The Man Who Cared, The Man Who Fell, The Man Who Sneered, The Man Who Killed, The Man Who Died, and The Man Who Was Himself.* (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE WHITE KING OF MANOA. BY JOSEPH HATTON.

An Anglo-Spanish romance. "Being the Life, Loves, and Adventures of David Yarcombe, Protégé and Fellow-voyager of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight." Mr. Hatton is so practised a maker of stories that it is hardly needful to say more than that this is a full-blooded tale with plenty of courage and muscle and Good Queen Bess about it. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE CRIME IN THE WOOD. BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

Mr. Speight is an old hand at melodramatic stories like this; and he knows when to lighten the mystery with good-humour. This is a blend of sensation and playfulness. There is murder, but there is also Miss Primby, who tells how Dr. Botcher once began a proposal thus: "My dear Miss Primby, if I were to assure you that you have stolen my heart from me, I should be stating what is anatomically impossible; but if——" At that point he was interrupted and had never spoken again. (Long. 3s. 6d.)

SOME UNOFFENDING PRISONERS. BY JOHN FULFORD.

A long, gossiping novel of young Londoners. The prisoners are not incarcerated in any of Her Majesty's gaols, but are bound by the chains we forge for ourselves. Mr. Fulford has a light manner, and the literary life comes in for much genial satire in his pages. (Jarrold. 6s.)

A MONK OF CRUTA. BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

A new sensational story by a diligent novelist. The frontispiece depicts an elderly gentleman in bed, blazing a pistol at a visitor. Turning the pages we come upon this: "The priest was the first in the room to move. He slowly bent over both bodies, and then turned round to the other man. 'Dead?' he asked, with a dry, choking gasp. 'Both dead.'" (Ward Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE ADVENTURES OF ROSALIE STUART. BY W. SHAW.

Jacobitism again, for the adventures occurred during the Rebellion of 1745-6, and on the first page we meet, at Avignon, "James Francis Edward, son of James II., the exiled King of England, commonly termed the Old Pretender, or the Chevalier St. George. He was a mild-tempered man, of studious habits, adverse to ambitious projects." Among her other adventures Rosalie was seized at Peebles. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

THE MYSTERY OF MONK'S WOOD. BY MRS. LODGE.

Previously Mrs. Lodge had written *The Mystery of Bloomsbury Crescent*. On page 2 of the new *Mystery* Mona busies herself about "the breakfast equipage," and her father helps himself to the breast of a pheasant, a goodly slice of ham garnished with fried eggs, and a hot roll. But this is merely sunshine before a storm; mystery and gloom follow remorselessly, together with discussion on creed. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

SAROLTA'S VERDICT. BY E. YOLLAND.

This is the dedication: "Sarolta makes her curtsy to my sister Alice, whose pen wrote out, through many days, these links of the Pharaoh-Nepeks." Sarolta was the head of the gipsy tribe, and the story is of Hungary. A grim romance. (White. 6s.)

ANGELS UNAWARES. BY E. BLACKMORR.

This story opens in Fortnum & Mason's—surely a new setting for a first chapter. Otherwise it is not remarkable for anything but amateurishness. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

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"The Heir of Redclyffe."

An Inquiry.

THE English of all the world know the name of Charlotte M. Yonge, and if you ask them what she has written, they will unhesitatingly reply: "*The Heir of Redclyffe*." She is responsible for other volumes—at least a hundred and twenty of them, for during fifty years she has shown the almost fabulous fecundity of a Dumas; and to the activities of an author she has added those of a journalist and a passionate religionist. The *Monthly Packet* is hers, and under the Southern Cross you will find the missionary college and the missionary ship which she built to further a cause. Yet, as she was at thirty, before the Crimean War, so she is now at seventy-five—with half a century of admirable accomplishment behind her—the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*. That book is her sign-manual upon an epoch.

Those of us who live by weighing words in the balance have a habit of choosing our private perusals from a very narrow circle of literature. In my case *The Heir of Redclyffe* happened to lie without that circle. The book existed in my mind as a "safe" story for girls. It would never have occurred to me to read it had I not encountered the following passage in Mr. J. W. Mackail's *Life of William Morris*:

The romances of Fouqué, which supplied Morris with the germ of his own early tales, became known to him through another book which exercised an extraordinary fascination over the whole of the group, and in which much of the spiritual history of those years may be found prefigured—*The Heir of Redclyffe*. In this book, more than in any other, may be traced the religious ideals and social enthusiasms which were stirring in the years between the decline of Tractarianism and the Crimean War. The young hero of the novel, with his over-strained conscientiousness, his chivalrous courtesy, his intense earnestness, his eagerness for all such social reforms as might be effected from above downwards, his high-strung notions of love, friendship, and honour, his premature gravity, his almost deliquescent piety, was adopted by them as a pattern for actual life; and more strongly, perhaps, by Morris than by the rest, from his own greater wealth and more aristocratic temper. Yet Canon Dixon, in mentioning this book as the first which seemed greatly to influence Morris, pronounces it, after nearly half a century's reflection and experience, as "unquestionably one of the finest books in the world."

After that, to ignore *The Heir of Redclyffe* was clearly impossible. I read it. As a piece of literary art it seems to me to fall short of distinction. It is not, on the whole, strongly imagined, though I must own to being genuinely moved by the simple and profound tragedy of the hero's death. Its faults of construction, and the absence of dramatic feeling, make it tedious; there is no economy of means, no reticence, no selection, and the length is prodigious—nearly a quarter of a million words. More important, there is no style, and even very little care for the dignity and refinement of English; to my dying day I shall never forget Charles Edmonstone's dressing-gown, which was *all over pagodas*. Finally, there is no humour.

However, no one desires, I least of all, to judge *The Heir of Redclyffe* as a piece of literary art. It is a document, and a document of marvellous interest. Already it has the air of old fashion, with its quaint locutions long since passed out of use. It appertains to a period: it goes with Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," The Crystal Palace, Patmore's *Angel in the House*, Millais' "The Huguenot," and the Albert Memorial. It shows us what we of to-day have gained—in intellectual freedom and wider horizons. But it also shows us what we have lost—earnestness and the faculty of unashamed devotion to an ideal. We have our ideals now, but when they are mentioned we feel self-conscious and uncomfortable, like a schoolboy caught praying. Moreover, such ideals as we possess are social. Ideals were moral then. Religion had a more authentic force; the Church a stronger sanction. There was Duty and there was Sin. People were frankly serious. They said: "Is this right? Is this wrong?" They fought against Self striving for mastery. They yearned towards righteousness. And they did these things openly. The women of the race practised submission, holy ignorance, and almsgiving. For a maiden, the worst crime was to be unmaidenly, the noblest achievement to become the dutiful and sacrificial helpmeet of a good man of ample means.

What is it in the mere sound of the name "Amabel" that calls up a vision of that era—of the luxurious country house wherein heroines played at "Definitions" and painted in water-colours and permitted the chivalrous advances of eligible cousins; of the family circle gathered at evening round "the instrument," while the superb tenor of the hero-baronet joined in some rendering of "Belle Mahone" or "Look Aloft"; of polite couples "pacing the terrace" in philosophic converse; of blushes, trepidations, and sudden self-concealments from the family gaze? Amabel signified all this for me before I knew her. And now that I know her I may "quiz," but I also admire. Amabel is the more heroic of Miss Yonge's two heroines, the one absolutely without soil. Laura, the elder sister, was a girl nobly loyal; but she was guilty of a secret attachment. Knowing that Philip loved her, she did not divulge the fact to her parents. For Amabel such conduct would have been impossible. She was engaged to Sir Guy, loved him devotedly; yet when Guy, desiring to borrow a thousand pounds for a secret purpose, was suspected of gambling, she honestly strove, in accordance with the paternal behest, to "think no more of the fellow." Even when her brother offered to show her a letter which he had publicly received from the banished youth, she first ran to her mother, and, "averting her face," said: "Mamma, dear, do you think I ought to let Charlie show me that letter?" Mamma, to her eternal credit, said "Yes, dearest," though with qualms. The affair of the thousand pounds was explained on Guy's death-bed. He had wanted it—you will never guess!—in order to found a religious sisterhood; but Amabel's features had no ostentatious smile of moral triumph. These two sisters, amiably inane on days of ease, shone brightly in suffering. It was adversity which proved them. In the hour of disaster their figures take on a strange tragic dignity. The secret of the saints was theirs; they knew the joy of sacrifice and the ecstasy of renunciation. In their faces I seem to see the placid glowing spirituality of the young nun as she gathers the napkin under her chin and closes her eyes to receive the sacred wafer.

And Sir Guy—that Siegfried with the addition of piety; that Saint Francis with an ancestral estate! They are coarse who would laugh at him. He is not to be mistaken for a prig. Philip is the prig, and it is one of the functions of Philip's priggishness to preserve Sir Guy from any suspicion of the same quality. Sir Guy must be accepted as the author offers him—as an ideal of a Man, an ideal perhaps bizarre after forty-six years, but comprehensible enough, perfectly consistent, and far from ignoble.

To make Sir Guy Miss Yonge gathered up all the dreams and pure aspirations of a girlhood passed remote from the world. She remembered all the masculine excellences of her fancy, and imagined a male creature. She did not trouble to compare this male with the males of earth; and she was artistically right in refraining. She acted as a poet then, not as a realist. Realism was as yet uninvented—and, besides, realism is seldom the truth. Miss Yonge bravely discarded the trivialities of verisimilitude, and with an equal courage she scorned the scorn of the profane. With her piety was the first virtue, and so Sir Guy had to be pious. He is vocally pious. He wears his piety upon his sleeve; but it is also within his breast. He is not perfect. Had he been perfect he could have had no motive for that war against the lower Self which for Miss Yonge was so specially the essence of true living. Therefore, Sir Guy had to be afflicted with a fiery and hasty temper, a temper invented by Miss Yonge only that Sir Guy might ultimately subdue it—and die. These momentous matters settled, Miss Yonge was at liberty to be romantic. She made Sir Guy handsome, dark, mysterious, wealthy, and endowed him with a castle conveniently situated near the sea, so that he might behave splendidly at a shipwreck. She gave him every grace, every moral fascination, the manners of an ambassador, the sweet reasonableness of a philosopher, the humility of a saint. Indeed, apart from his temper, he is not of earth. He never existed, never could exist, save in the devout and serious vision of a girl untouched by the world.

There are obvious reasons why the influence of *The Heir of Redclyffe*—waning, but still powerful—should have been not on the side of progress and intellectual enlargement. It is narrow, dogmatic, inelastic, conventional. Yet one cannot regret it. Are not the angels conservative? If the book has not been an urgent force, it has been a refining fire. Consider the thousands of "English homes" into which it has entered, like a message; those discreet interiors where, sheltered from the east wind of facts and the hot noon of actuality, the exquisite flower of girlhood has been reared. Read on interminable winter evenings before drawing-room fires, pondered over in walled gardens on summer afternoons—*The Heir of Redclyffe* had no imperfection then. Its limited view, its sweeping omissions, its ignorance, its one-sidedness, its perversions, its impossible dialogue, its undramatic tediousness, its stilted English—these things were not noticed then; they slipped off like an abandoned garment, and the book stood forth for what it was, an impassioned invitation to the young soul to arise and purify itself. As such it was meant. As such it has done its work, and is still doing.

Touching its alleged effect upon Morris and Burne-Jones, that entirely puzzles me. Canon Dixon's appreciation I can understand, and, understanding, can tolerate. But that two of the most individual and daring artists of the century should have been influenced by a book so lacking in both æsthetic beauty and original ideas is a mystery which would need for its solving an inquiry into the moral basis of the great artistic movement of the fifties.

E. A. B.

Tennyson and Virgil.

THE interest taken by the late Lord Tennyson in classical subjects was shown not only in his choice of themes, such as Ulysses, Tithonus, Cæone, Tiresias, and others, in which an ancient story was so handled that it proved capable of a touching application to modern thought and feeling, but also in poems like "Lucretius," and the short "Ode to Virgil," in which the "singers" selves found him a theme of song. These last two poems are, in the best sense of the term, appreciations—estimations at its full worth of the poetic work of a great predecessor by a modern master of the art. The short "Ode to Virgil" differs from the dramatic monologue "Lucretius," with its wonderful sym-

pathy and insight into the Lucretian philosophy, in being a direct expression of Tennyson's personal feeling for the great Roman poet; and, although written by request, has all the fervour of genuine spontaneity.

Whatever the Mantuans may have thought of the Englishman's "salutation" of their greatest citizen, there can be no doubt of the admiration felt for the poem by all English lovers of Virgil. Most appropriately does Mr. Page print the Ode in full, by way of introduction to his edition of the text of Virgil's poems for the "Parchment Library" series. The Ode is, in fact, an ideal argument, and may well take the place of a more lengthy prose Introduction for those persons who have acquired a tolerable facility in reading Latin, and a fair knowledge of the text of Virgil.

The opening stanza virtually summarises the *Æneid*, with more pointed reference to its greatest books—as, e.g., to the Second Book, in "Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire"; to the Fourth Book, in "Dido's pyre"; and to the Sixth Book, as the supreme instance of the "filial faith" of *Æneas*.

Similarly, the scope of the Georgics is touched upon in Stanza 3, in—

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
tith and vineyard, hive, and horse, and herd,

—words which recall and are, in fact, a paraphrase of the first four lines of the First Georgic:

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram
Vertere, Mæcenæ, ulmisque adjungere vites
Conveniat, quæ cura bouum, qui cultus habendo
Sit pecori, apibus quanta experientia parcis,
Hinc canere incipiam.

It might surprise us at first sight that the *Eclogues*, Virgil's least original and earliest work, should have two stanzas of the Ode devoted to them; but a little attention shows that a true instinct has guided Tennyson in his references, for the three *Eclogues* alluded to breathe a personal note, and one of them gives us a glimpse into the best features of Virgil's mind and soul. In the "Happy Tityrus" of the First Eclogue we have an allegorical representation of Virgil himself rejoicing in the restoration of his patrimony. In the Sixth Eclogue the "poet of the poet-satyr" gives expression in the Song of Silenus to those philosophic views which attracted and charmed his youthful studies, and to which, later on in life, he cast back a wistful look. In the Fourth Eclogue Virgil—the "Chanter of the Pollio"—is giving expression to those dim anticipations and vague hopes which have haunted the best spirits of the age—the longing for a better world and the regeneration of human society, symbolised, according to the ideas of the time, by the return of the Golden Age.

Another feature of this Ode which possesses a charm for scholars is its reminiscent character. This appears (i.) in expressions which are almost literal translations, as, e.g., "recubans sub tegmine fagi" (*Ecl.* i. 1), "(piping) underneath his beechen bowers"—compare also the renderings of "toto diversos orbe Britannos" (*Ecl.* i. 66), "(the Northern island) sunder'd once from all the human race"; and "injiciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis," "(whom the laughing shepherd) bound with flowers" (*Ecl.* vi. 19); (ii.) in that exquisite paraphrase which condenses in one sonorous line a whole passage of the Fourth Eclogue:

Summers of the snakeless meadow,
unlaborious earth and careless sea;

(iii.) in the seventh stanza—redolent of the Sixth *Æneid*—in which Tennyson with supreme felicity, giving a metaphorical turn to a celebrated passage, addresses Virgil as the "golden branch"—the talisman by means of which we moderns gain admittance into the shadowy realms of ancient and imperial Rome:

Golden branch amid the shadows,
kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

Again the Ode contains an allusion to Virgil as the poet of Man and Nature. The traces of that *Welt-Schmerz*, to borrow the modern phrase, discernible as an undercurrent in Virgil's thought and feeling, and here and there making its way to the surface in pathetic single lines and passages of mournful and tender reflection, are well rendered by Tennyson in that memorable line:

Thou majestic in thy sadness
at the doubtful doom of human kind.

In regard to nature, Tennyson's "Landscape-lover" is nothing more than the bare truth. Virgil's love for the forests, waters, and mountains of his native Italy comes out in many passages of his poems, either by way of simile or in pure description for its own sake, numerous illustrations of which students will readily recall for themselves. Then, again, Virgil's dim sense of something far more deeply interfused, the source and sustaining power of what is outward and visible in the Universe, expressed in the Fourth Georgic and the Sixth *Æneid*, is noted by Tennyson in a paraphrase of a remarkable passage in the latter book:

Thou that seest Universal
Nature moved by Universal Mind.

It remains to notice the appreciation of Virgil as a stylist by a poet who was himself a "lord of language," and whose stately rhythm in this Ode recalls the march of the Virgilian hexameter.

In the two lines—(i.):

All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

and—(ii.):

All the charm of all the Muses
often flowering in a lonely word;

are summed up and flashed upon us in clear and vivid phrase: those peculiar excellences of Virgil's style which constitute the despair of the translator, and the delight of the lover of poetry eager to penetrate into the secret sources of the beauty of poetic diction. Of these "golden phrases" numerous instances are given in the index, under the heading "Style," at the end of each book of Mr. Sidgwick's edition, and the interest of the student in marking them is further stimulated in the notes. To take one example from Virgil, which has a special fitness in connexion with Tennyson's Ode, the words describing the "golden branch" tinkling in the gentle breeze—"leni crepitabat bractea vento"—afford a good illustration.

The expression "lonely word," however, has acquired a peculiar interest since the appearance of Tennyson's biography. It is related there that during the course of a conversation with the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, on the subject of Virgil, Tennyson quoted, as an instance of the "lonely word," the epithet "cunctantem" (ramum) (*Æneid* vi. 211), where in a single word is condensed a picture of *Æneas* pulling at the golden bough, which will not come away quickly enough to satisfy his too great eagerness; the notion also of personality suggested by the word adding a further touch of vividness. Two other good examples occur in the *Eclogues*—"intonsi" (montes) and "arguta" (ilex).

We note, in conclusion, the natural transition by which, after contrasting the "Rome of slaves" of that age with the "Rome of freemen" of to-day, Tennyson, by a seeming contrast—which is really no contrast at all, but implies the thought of Virgil as an imperishable link binding together the present and the past, and with his spiritual presence still haunting his native land—salutes the poet, whom, in his opening stanza, he had hailed as "Roman Virgil," by the title "Mantovano," recalling thus the "anima cortese Mantovana" of Dante, and linking himself with the Great Florentine in a common veneration for one whom both regarded in the light of a Master:

I that loved thee since my day began.

Things Seen.

Unsought.

Ah, yes, I must have that cliff farm in my portfolio. So, gathering up my sketching kit, I set off along the dusty road, happy in my intention to capture some scintilla of the earth's beauty!

The farm was well enough. A cluster of gables and new haystacks at the foot of a field that sloped down to the cliff. You see it? It was the high sky-line of the sea, higher than the roofs, and higher than the trees that sheltered the farm, that so took me. When I had finished, the twilight had fallen and the air was keen. Far away, I heard a woman's voice calling to some wandering "Willie." The birds sank their vespers in the thickets, and the stillness of eternity was on the sea.

I turned, and in a moment saw . . . have you ever seen this?—the white wisp of the young moon embraced among white wild roses at that moment when the whiteness of the roses is one with the whiteness of the moon. Oh, inviolable delicacy of whiteness! Oh, aery bridal-wreath of Day and Night! Oh, vision of our innocence, sequestered and safe! I walked home. Camilla said, looking at my sketch: "This will be a nice record of the old farm." "Of the farm?" I said absently.

A Mood.

At sundown the rain ceased, but the leaden clouds still hung over the city, and the air was hot and heavy with thunder. Then some left the streets and walked towards the fields, and among them was one on whom the atmospheric influences had the effect, as it were, of detaching him from himself. He walked heavily as in a dream, conscious of the depression of the hour, but indifferent to it; indeed, mildly contemptuous, as if his mood belonged to another. Presently he came to the Great Green Space where lakes lie, and upland fields stretch away to the hills that border the Great Green Space. He stood on the verge of the sodden grass—gazing. Far away, like a giant jewel in the fold of the wet fields, gleamed the lights of the bandstand, and about it, row upon row, tier upon tier, were empty chairs, and each chair dripped water. Not a soul had dared the wet grass, but on the fence that skirted the largest of the lakes some half-a-hundred pleasure-seekers sat bedraggled. The music came faintly to them, across the sodden fields; came also to the man who stood gazing at the dim hills that stretched to one another on the hem of the Great Green Space.

The whole landscape was shrouded in thin mysterious mist. Unreal, unsubstantial, everything seemed to him. He seemed to be gazing at a world in which he had no lot, something dim and apart—a land of dreams.

It was as if mankind were taking part in a play by Maeterlinck.

Far away on the crest of the dim hills figures, like marionettes, walked—little figures who had the power of movement and nothing else. It was strange, but to him the real world seemed to be the reflections of the trees in the still waters of the lake. All else was unreal. Fragments of Maeterlinck passed, without effort of memory, through his brain:

"A time will come, perhaps, when our souls will know of each other without the intermediary of the senses."

"Nothing is visible, and yet all is revealed."

"Is it while I flee before a naked sword that my existence touches its most interesting point?"

"Does the soul only flower on nights of storm?"

"It is only by the communications we have with the infinite that we are to be distinguished from each other."

"No tongue can tell the power of a soul that strives to live in an atmosphere of beauty, and is actually beautiful in itself."

And with the word "soul" another passage by another writer came to him, and it remained while in his head Chopin's "Funeral March" drummed, but the band was not playing Chopin. The passage that remained was that sentence wherein Lowell explains the secret of Burke's strength through all the vicissitudes of his career—"because he was profoundly conscious of the soul that underlies and outlives material events." "That 'outlives material events'!" the man thought vaguely—"how very natural." Then, sub-consciously, he knew that presently one of the half-hundred people sitting there on the fence would notice him. She was a young woman of the factory class—awkward, arch, ill-dressed—accompanied by a surly sweetheart, who was smoking a short pipe. Suddenly the girl sprang from the fence and began to caper on the sodden grass. "It's 'Poet and Peasant' they're playing," she cried. "I play that! Come along, Alf, and have a dance." For a minute Alf stared dully, scornfully, at the girl. Then he took his pipe from his mouth, looked at the wet grass, at his sweetheart's muddy petticoats, and said: "Not me! I'm no jay!" The girl showed no resentment. Her attention was arrested by the man who thought the world had become a play by Maeterlinck. "Have a dance, Guv'nor?" she said. Then the world ceased to be a play by Maeterlinck.

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE death of Mr. Stewart Hodgson would have been a more considerable event, in the world of art at any rate, had it not been preceded by the commercial fall of the great house of Baring. A handsome part of the wealth he derived when he was a partner in that firm in the days of its prosperity was spent in the studios, and spent with more judgment than was generally shown by the buyers of his own generation. That twenty-foot long "Daphnephoria" of Leighton's could hardly have been commissioned (and generously) by anybody but the owner of the proportionately big house at Lythe Hill, Haslemere. That, of course, was before the City complications which led to his flitting into the much humbler manor-house at Haslemere—a residence more in scale with the same artist's portrait of Stewart Hodgson's daughter. Nor did the ministering of Leighton's brush to this appreciative patron's taste stop with these two canvases, for the town-house he then occupied contained many illustrations of Leighton's decorative fancy; and no man was a more frequent or welcome visitor than Stewart Hodgson in those days to the gay, yet industrious, studio in Holland Park-road.

A PICTURE of Mr. Whistler's, for which he had £600 some years ago, has just been re-sold for a little over three times that sum. The names of seller and of purchaser alike had best be suppressed, or they might be made the rallying-points of a bristling brochure.

THE Queen, of whom there is a record of frank portraiture in Mr. Onslow Ford's marble bust in the Academy, is not of the rather large company of ladies who prefer not to sit, after they have reached a certain age, to the painter, or even the photographer. Three different portraits of Her Majesty will shortly be seen—one painted by a Frenchman, another by a German, and the third by a Scotsman. Von Angeli has, of course, been castled at Windsor. Not so favoured has been M. Benjamin Constant, London's guest for several weeks past, whose portrait shows the Queen seated on her throne, her face flooded with light, but, even so, betraying few of its wrinkles. For accessories there are lions and unicorns, stars and garters galore. Mr. Orchardson's large family

group picture promises well; but the painter has been delayed a good deal by his arm trouble; and a vacant space, exciting in its potentialities, is all that yet represents Her Majesty on the large canvas, already peopled by her eldest son, her grandson, and great-grandson.

THE *Daily Telegraph* reports an interview in Rome with Prof. Ludovico Seitz—a painter of some pretensions, and the Director of the Vatican galleries—all about the decorations of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. "Leo XIII.," we are told, "has often spoken of the great Byzantine erection, and has principally interested himself in the decoration of the walls. This was, indeed, one of the chief points discussed between the Pontiff and Cardinal Vaughan during the visit of the latter to Rome this spring. From what the Archbishop of Westminster said, it would appear that he cherishes," &c., &c. It is not worth quoting as an imaginary conversation, and it cannot be quoted as a real one. "We easily might have talked of the new Cathedral," said Cardinal Vaughan, on reading of his supposed conversation with the Pope; "but it just chances that it was never so much as named." The rest of the *Daily Telegraph* interview may be taken with equal reserve; and if it is a feeler put forth to suggest that a foreign artist, half German and half Italian, should be set to cover those leagues on leagues of wall-space at Westminster, one may be very sure that it will fail of its intent; unless, indeed, it is the supply of decorative talent at home that disastrously fails, or falls short, first of all.

BELVOIR CASTLE, whither the funeral of the Duchess of Rutland drew a large party this week, is everywhere famous for the views to be seen from its windows. But the Duke's house is also "beautiful within" in many particulars, and the collection of pictures includes other masterpieces besides a Murillo's "Holy Family." True, in the fire that burned half the castle in 1816 no fewer than nineteen Sir Joshuas perished. Even so, Sir Joshuas still remain, and, among others, that portrait of his, representing the militant Marquis of Granby, of which so many travesties have appeared on inn sign-boards all over the country. Nature, as Junius once remarked, did not lavish personal gifts upon the Marquis, and his middle-aged head is shown as smooth as a billiard-ball in Sir Joshua's picture, which presents in this, as in other respects, a striking contrast to the portrait of the present Duke, with his ample octogenarian locks, painted by Mr. Herkomer, R.A.

At the Hovingham Musical Festival the other day "a novelty was afforded in a choral setting of Keats's *Prophecy* by Mrs. Tom Taylor, a Yorkshire lady who has long been known as an exceptionally gifted amateur." The *Times* is responsible for this vaguely worded labelling of "the Yorkshire lady," who is the widow of its own former art critic and the editor of *Punch*. Mrs. Tom Taylor, we may add, composed this music longer ago than she may now care to remember. She always shrank from its production, however, and only permitted it now because she supposed—and with some reason, it seems—that after many years of retirement and widowhood, forgetful of the world, she was by the world forgot.

A JUDGE on the Bench, and newspaper leader-writers in general, have this week had occasion, in speaking of three Sir Robert Peels, to differentiate the first of the series as "the great Sir Robert." Relatively he was "the great Sir Robert," no doubt, and even actually, when all men are brought into the comparison. But the phrase has its doubtful meanings, its hints of a smile in company with the epithet on the lips of its framer, as you are made to feel in every allusion to "the great Mel" in *Evan Harrington*.

UNEXPECTEDLY enough I met the other day with a distant cousin of "the great Mel," and in a letter devoted to prosaic facts. In the year 1842 Disraeli crossed to Paris, starting from the Thames, and thus wrote of one of his companions on board :

One of our fellow-travellers was "the great Mr. Candy," as he was described by the captain of the vessel, with his lady reclining on cushions, children in various silken cloaks, continually changed and adjusted, and Candy himself, in the height of the fashion, florid and frank, with new kid gloves and gold-headed cane. On inquiry he turned out to be a silk-dealer or warehouseman or something, and was a source of infinite amusement.

THE second and third performances of "Messaline" were, needless to say, the test of the new work in London; and at their close Mr. de Lara must have been convinced that his work had taken hold upon more than his own friends. The accusation of a contemporary against the *libretto* is an astonishing piece of prudery which seems to prove nothing but the incoherence of present feeling on the point of public morals. "Messaline" is a tragedy as unimpeachable as "Faust," and Mr. de Lara's music does no more than its dramatic duty in expressing the action and passion of an operatic woman. No one has ever professed to be shocked at the dramatic expression of the evil character—equally tragically requited—of an operatic man.

Dorislau Dead.

[Isaac Dorislau, a lawyer of Dutch birth, long resident in England, was employed in the preparation of the case against Charles I. Having been shortly afterwards despatched as special envoy to the United Provinces, he was murdered while at supper in the public room of his inn by a party of English cavaliers. Carlyle has this notice of him: "Dr. Dorislau, by birth Dutch; appointed Judge-Advocate at the beginning of Essex's campaignings; known afterwards on the King's trial; and finally, for that latter service, assassinated at the Hague, one evening, by certain high-flying Royalist cut-throats, Scotch several of them." In Evelyn's diary, under date June 13th, 1649, it is written: "This night was buried with great pomp Dorislau, slain at the Hague, the villain who managed the trial against his sacred Majesty." A similar fate overtook Anthony Ascham, the Parliament's envoy at Madrid. In the following poem one of the murderers of Dorislau, being rebuked by members of his own faction, makes his defence.]

PITY? What pity? He got at the last
Such pity as he and his like have shown
To us and to all that have holden fast
By our father's God and the ancient throne.

If ye be of us (and I know ye be),
Give thanks that your eyes are not grown more grim,
That ye still have pity; but answer me,
If ye be of us, why pity ye him?

With the blood of the King his hands were wet,
Warm from that slaughter he fell to our sword,
He hath paid his life to the standing debt
For the sacred life of our Sovereign Lord.

He drudged for the traitors, he shared their task,
And he served them here, he talked in their place;
'Tis as though he had worn the headsmen's mask,
As though he had spat in the martyr's face.

Perchance had we sat with our naked swords
And chattered a little about the past,
While one made ready with pulleys and cords,*
When the play was ended, to bind him fast;

* "Staples were therefore hammered into the floor of the scaffold to afford a purchase for ropes, by aid of which, if any resistance were offered, the King could be forced down into the prone attitude in which victims were at that time beheaded."—S. R. Gardiner.

Had we finished our work with butchers' tools,
And brandished the blood-dripping head on high
Had the thing been done according to rules,
Perchance ye would never have asked us why.

But I, who am proud to have struck this stroke,
I fancy that justice and law are things
Too sacred to make an assassin's cloak,
Be they subjects we kill or sceptred kings.

For I, if I hunger to kill a man,
I do not hale him to Westminster Hall;
I cut his throat like a sheep, if I can,
Or else he cuts mine for me—that is all.

Ye say it was murder; I am not awed,
Fools only start at the sound of a name,
But the thing they did to Strafford and Laud,
However men call it, I do the same;

The thing they did to my master and yours,
I did the same to this creature of theirs;
Murder? Maybe—I was bred to the wars,
No schoolman am I to split you such hairs.

However men call it, 'tis life for life,
And lives not a few for the King my Lord,
Only they work with the gallows and knife,
I, lacking a hangman, must use my sword.

I will plead in the Courts of Charles my King,
I will meet my God when I come to die,
But long as I carry a sword to swing
And a wrist uncut and a seeing eye,

I will do justice and judgment on these,
Such justice and judgment as they have done,
Who bow to no law save the sword's decrees,
The might of the many against the one.

I am no stabber for love of the trade,
To slit you a throat in the dark for gold;
If the game of killing must needs be played,
I should choose to play on an English wold,

On an English wold in the free, fresh air,
To the rush of hoofs and the trumpet's ring—
But what odds if I play it here or there,
So long as I kill them who killed my King?

Honour is somewhat? Aye, honour is all,
And little is got by this hangman's deed;
But whether the merit be great or small,
Why should I, childless and wifeless, heed?

For my fair bride died with her babe divine
At Colchester, leaguer beyond the sea,
And I am the last of my ancient line:
Honour, dishonour—all passes with me.

But now in the meantime my life is left
To do what I will with, my arm is long,
And my eye is clear, and my hand is deft,
And I hate the men that have done this wrong,
That have killed God's King for a lawyer's lie,
That have rent God's Church for a rabble's whim;
The blood they have spilled and their blasphemy
Smokes up like a furnace always to Him.

And ye, what are ye to babble and prate
Of pity to me? Ye are outlaws too,
And the iron bond of the exile's hate
Should bind us together, both me and you.

For the robber sits in our fathers' halls;
By the tyrant's ban we are landless men.
Ye will fight, ye say, when the trumpet calls;
I also shall not be the hindmost then.

But now, since the battle is not arrayed,
And the kites must wait for a larger meal,
I kill as I may, without leave or aid,
Save this in the scabbard that smites my eel.

The Empty Homes of England.

ONE of the prime delights of London town is the extreme rurality of its outer suburbs—always, worse luck, drawing nearer to the zone of brick. Many is the pleasaunce, ten or a dozen miles from the Royal Exchange—who knows exactly what men do, what they buy and sell at the Royal Exchange?—which for silence and solitude, for clarity of atmosphere and charm of garden, might be in Devonshire or Cumberland. Precisely such a place is the Elizabethan house of Franks, near Farningham, only one-and-twenty miles from London, which Messrs. Debenham, Tewson, Farmer & Bridgewater are offering for sale by private contract. Here are over five hundred acres of arable, meadow, and woodland, intersected for nearly a mile by the Darent, which is no mean trout-stream; for did not Spenser write of—

... the still Darent, in whose waters clear
Ten thousand fishes ply and deck his pleasant stream.

The dry fly it is which the Darent trout loves. Franks itself is delicious, with its recessed Elizabethan front, its slightly advanced wings, its ruddy Tudor brickwork, bold mullions, and richly decorated and pleasantly twisted chimneys. Here we have all the graces of antiquity with the comforts of modernity, for an owner of a generation or two ago adapted the interior to the ways of cosiness and convenience while dealing gently with the spirit of the place. We need not trace the devolution of the property through the mediæval centuries; suffice it to say that it took its name from the Yorkshire family of Frankish, which migrated to Kent in the time of Henry III. The modern history of Franks begins with its purchase towards the end of the sixteenth century by Launcelot Bathurst, who, in 1591, built the present house—the original dwelling had been on the opposite side of the river. His arms, in painted glass, together with those of the City of London and the Grocers' Company, bearing that date, are still in one of the ground-floor bay windows. Through a succession of owners the place passed, sometimes by descent, and sometimes by purchase, till, in 1860, by way of the auction-room, it reached the late Mr. Robert Bradford. He found it being used as a farmhouse and in a condition of some dilapidation, and set himself to restore it to its olden dignity. How well he succeeded he who has ever seen Franks may say. The fine old hall, with its latticed gallery, is still there, unaltered save that it has been lengthened: there is a very agreeable view of it in Nash's *Mansions of England in the Olden Time*. The house is full of moulded stuccoed ceilings and fine fireplaces. A note on its value to conclude. In 1830 Franks was sold for £14,000; in 1832, for £16,000; in 1860, for £32,000; in 1872, for some advance upon the last figure.

Any modern Monte Cristo who may desire an island all to himself is advised to apply to Messrs. Trollope, of Mount-street, from whom he will be very likely to hear something to his advantage. For have they not in hand, for private sale, the castle and island of Branksea, at the mouth of Poole Harbour? The lord of Branksea (or Brownsea as it used to be called) might be as solitary or as sociable as it pleased him. The pretty island would be all his own; while just over the way is the Isle of Purbeck, with the queer little town of Swanage, full of bits of old London carefully removed and re-erected. Almost equally close are Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight—here, indeed, we are among the islets of the best. Branksea itself is exceeding pleasant, its 750 acres being broken up into quite romantic glens and dells, dominated sometimes by respectable hills. Nor is the place destitute of historical interest. The ancestor of the present castle was the blockhouse fortress which

Henry VIII. built as part of his scheme for fortifying the southern coasts against foreign invasion. Little of this now remains, but in Elizabeth's time a much more important fortress was made, and in the Civil Wars it was strengthened considerably. The castle has been greatly added to at various times, and is now a house of considerable magnitude. Mr. Humphrey Sturt, something more than a century ago, spent £50,000 in enlarging it and improving the gardens and plantations. Then, in 1817, came Sir Charles Chad, who was also an improver on a large scale. Somewhere about that time it was that the Prince Regent, like Charles I. in more troubled times, visited the island. Since then Branksea has had several owners. There was Col. Waugh, who lived there in great state, built a pier and a church, and began to work the potters' clay of which the island chiefly consists, but was ruined by the failure of the Royal British Bank. The late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck was the next owner; and it next passed, in 1894, to Captain Balfour. The house was partly burned three winters ago, but has been restored.

If one cannot be the rose, the next best thing is to dwell nigh unto it. That would be the delightful condition of whosoever should buy the compact Highborn Estate, in the North Riding, which Messrs. Richardson & Trotter will put up for sale at York next Tuesday. The rose in this case is Coxwold, with its many memories of Laurence Sterne. The property nearly adjoins Coxwold Church, is very close to Newburgh Priory, the legendary burial-place of Cromwell, and so often the dining-place of the author of *Tristram Shandy*. Rievaulx Abbey and Byland Abbey are a mere drive away. In the midst of a fine stretch of pastoral country, Coxwold is a very pleasant village. The old grammar school and the picturesque Shandy Hall still exist. In the parlour of the Hall were written both *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey*. Sterne has left a memorable picture of his life in this charming old house, with its pleasant garden. In 1767 he wrote to a friend: "I am as happy as a prince at Coxwold, and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish, and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds and strawberries and cream, and all the plenty which a rich valley (under Hambleton hills) can produce—with a clean cloth on my table and a bottle of wine on my right hand, and I drink your health."

Jack-o'-Lanthorn.

CAN you not see me careless? Can you not feel me weak?
Dear hands upon my heart-strings, dear lips upon my
cheek,
Out of a world of wandering men is this the man you seek?
These eyes that look through yours, my dear, have looked
into the Pit,
Will look again, and yet again, and linger over it.
Are lights, my love, o' nights, my love, not all in heaven
lit?
If I am Jack-o'-Lanthorn, sweet, however you draw nigh,
I cannot warm you, but must see you cold until you die.
Will you not choose a homely hearth to sit and warm
you by?
You choose the wildfire even so? You follow where I go?
Oh, sweet heart and soft heart, made strong for me to
know,
Although I go I will return; although I change and grow,
Or change and lessen, on your heart my wayward heart
I stay:
Your steady light my wandering light shall draw and feed
and sway:
And I will love you, sweet, as well as Jack-o'-Lanthorn
may.

NORA HOPPER.

Correspondence.

Another Kilmarnock Burns.

SIR,—All collectors will feel grateful to you for your interesting article on the "Kilmarnock" Burns, with its instructive table of prices, &c.

It might interest your readers to have a glimpse behind the scenes connected with the life of one of the copies described. About 1880 I became acquainted with a rich City collector, who told me he would gladly give £50 for a copy, and for a time I kept a pretty sharp look out for one. I heard through a friend that Mr. Stille, the old Edinburgh bookseller, knew of a copy. I wrote him, and he informed me that he knew of one in the possession of an old lady in Ayrshire, and that £30 was the price. I said if it was in fair condition I would have it at that price; but, on sending it for my inspection, Mr. Stille said that, on close examination, it was believed that the last leaf of the glossary was in facsimile, and that the price would be reduced to £20.

I took the book to my friend and explained its supposed defect; but he was so keen to have it that he drew me a cheque for £50 on the spot. I may say that my friend, who was a Dundee man, knew Lamb's copy well.

Some time after, my friend came to me, and, almost with tears in his eyes, said that he could not keep the copy I sold him, as he got dreaming o' nights about the leaf in facsimile. He sent it to Puttick's sale-room, and it fetched £71! This, I believe, is part of the history of the eighth item in your list.

The copy referred to was much cut down, bound in contemporary calf (probably a presentation copy, but with no inscription), and had been much used.

You will see from my signature that I am not the first of my name who has possessed a copy of this unique book, although I have no knowledge of the Glasgow family who originally possessed the Lamb copy, and am perhaps better acquainted with its commercial value than they could have been.—I am, &c.,

JAMES DRUMMOND.

37, Perham Road, W.: July 14, 1899.

Matthew Arnold's Creel.

SIR,—How many salmon did Matthew Arnold "capture"? "S. G.," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—quoted by you last week—says one, and that "his first and only salmon" was caught on the Wye "almost within the last years of his life." But Matthew Arnold himself tells a different story. In letters to Mrs. Grant Duff and Lady de Rothschild, dated September 17, 1866 (more than twenty years before his death) he writes—and his delight is that of a boy—of a "salmon capture" made by him on the Deveron ("What a beautiful river it is!"): "Now I am come back, having, as perhaps you have seen from the 'public journals,' caught a salmon." (*Letters of Matthew Arnold*, Vol. I., p. 337).—I am, &c.,

JAMES V. ROGERSON.

49, Reginald-terrace, Leeds: July 17, 1899.

The High History of the Graal.

SIR,—My friend Dr. Evans asks "why, if Mr. Nutt had read the French romance, or Mr. Williams's translation of the Welsh translation, did he not give an abstract of the version?" On page 64 of my *Studies* will be found the following note: "I have not thought it necessary to give a summary of the prose romance *Perceval le Gallois*. The version, though offering many interesting features, is too late and unoriginal to be of use in the present investigation." On page 67 I stated definitely that little was to be

gained from this romance "respecting the oldest forms of the legend." I further pointed out that the Welsh translation represented an earlier form of the romance than the text printed by Potvin. Dr. Evans continues: "Why did Mr. Nutt leave it to me to point out for the first time that this (romance), and none other, is 'the Graal, the Book of the Holy Vessel?'" For the simple but sufficient reason that it is no such thing. I may have put aside the romance translated by Dr. Evans as the *High History* too hastily; secondary sources are often useful in preserving traits that primary sources have lost. But that the *High History* is a late and secondary source, that it is not, as Dr. Evans vainly imagines, the *fons et origo* of the Grail legend, is my conviction, and that of every scholar who has investigated the matter at first hand. I am perfectly content to refer the decision of this point to M. Gaston Paris, to MM. Lot, Muret, and Philpot, to Profs. Heinzel and Birch-Hirschfeld, to Drs. Freymond and Baist. We should none of us probably agree as to the exact position of the romance in the development of the cycle; we should one and all agree in considering Dr. Evans's contention that it is "the first and most authentic" version of the legend to be utterly baseless. It is, of course, possible that all other scholars are wrong and that Dr. Evans alone is right. There is one way, and one way only, by which he can make good the claim he advances: he must work through the mass of Grail romances and establish their order of development, on the hypothesis that the *High History* is the earliest form of the story. Until he has done this he must excuse serious students taking his assertions, uncompromising as they are, seriously; when he has done this he will, I think, be the first to see that his theory won't hold water.

So much for the comparatively unimportant question as to the true place of the *High History* in the development of the Grail legend, a question upon which only those are qualified to give an opinion who have studied the texts of the legend at first hand. Now for the larger question of whether there is a Celtic substratum to the legend. Dr. Evans is of opinion that the Celtic theory as applied to the Grail legend is played out. I can only assure him that he is entirely mistaken, and that he is mistaken because he has not followed the progress of research, and is unacquainted with the data necessary to the formation of an instructed opinion. As a simple matter of fact, the number of competent scholars prepared to give a modified adherence to my views is larger now than it was ten years ago, and the measure of adherence would be more pronounced. The reason is one which even the non-expert can appreciate. Many of the parallels and analogies upon which I relied were drawn from Irish and not from Welsh sources; it was objected that I had no right to use Irish and Welsh evidence as interchangeable, and it was in this respect that I had to encounter my fiercest criticism from Prof. Zimmer. The research of the last ten years has fully vindicated my position; the intimacy of the relations between Irish and Welsh mythic romance is daily becoming more apparent, as is also the influence of Irish legend upon that of Britain, and, through Britain, of Europe. The reasons of principle invoked against me by Prof. Zimmer, in 1890, have, in fact, ceased to operate. I may be allowed to quote one instance of the trend of research as having special interest for the ACADEMY. In 1891, Dr. Whitley Stokes cited in your columns an Irish version of the romantic theme represented in English literature by Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's Tale." I shall publish next year, in the Grimm Library, a study upon this theme by an American scholar, Dr. Maynadier. The conclusion to which he comes is that not only the Irish tales may be looked upon as the source of the English ones, but that they influenced England directly, and not through the medium of France.

I have, of course, no hope of converting Dr. Evans; indeed, his own theory is so delightful an exercise of the faculty of pure imagination that it would be cruel to

disturb his faith in it. But I may appeal for one moment to the general reader. There are in the Grail legend two elements—a Christian and a non-Christian one. I assume the latter to be earlier on the ground that while a Christian story might take over a non-Christian one, and thus preserve non-Christian elements, it could not originate them. These non-Christian elements are connected by the names of the personages and places of the story with Celtic legend. I therefore, in the first place, turn to Celtic legend for an explanation of the non-Christian elements of the Grail legend. These two assumptions can be judged of by anyone who possesses common sense and some modicum of the critical faculty, and I venture to think that they will commend themselves to him. The use I make of these assumptions and the results at which I arrive can, however, only be judged by fellow-experts. With all respect to my friend Dr. Evans and to Mr. Courthope, whose authority he invokes, I must decline to place them in this category, neither of them having, so far as is apparent, done that which alone gives right of judgment—namely, examined critically all the texts of the cycles.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED NUTT.

In Praise of the Strawberry.

Our Literary Competitions.

RESULT OF No. 41.

IN response to our request for a poetical eulogy, not exceeding twenty-four lines, of the strawberry, a goodly number of effusions reach us. The best eulogy is this, by Mr. F. B. Doveton, Karsfield, Torquay:

STRAWBERRIES.

I.

An even better berry yet
God *could* have made; but it is clear
Thou, luscious strawberry, art set
Above all berries far and near.

II.

Fair crimson globule, still to thee
All other fruits the palm must give,
Peach, apricot, and raspberry,
And dainty nectarine, as I live!

III.

And when Devon's cream we use,
Thy rare enchantment is complete,
Abashed and silent is the Muse
That whilom sang so passing sweet.

IV.

She cannot praise those charms aright
That lie beneath thy crimson guise;
Ambrosia yieldeth less delight,
And "honey dews of Paradise."

V.

June bringeth in her laughing train
A many pleasant things and dear;
But *thou* the Queen of all dost reign,
The sweetest product of the year!

Here are others:

TO THE STRAWBERRY.

O queenly form, most pure, most sweet,
Your joyous reign is all too short:
Your name is murmured at the Court,
And clamoured in the loud-tongued street.

Fastidious kings who sit at wine,
And pass the bottle each to each,
Coldly reject the proffered peach,
And wave aside the lordly pine,

But yield their senses to your spell
And sit and eat their royal fill
With other potentates, until
They feel excessively unwell.

The peasant with secure delight
Denies himself the humble stew,
Or pie, that he may taste of you
With undiminished appetite.

However widely men dispute
On minor points of Church and State,
All equally participate
In love of you, most genial fruit.

And in the end your willing slave,
The World, when August's fiery breath
Has brought you an untimely death,
Unsated, weeps upon your grave.

[C. H. B. K., Blackheath.]

STRAWBERRY SONG—AFTER SUCKLING.

Hast thou drunk of the woodbine's dew
Before the sun hath dried it?
Or inhaled the violet
Before thine eyes have spied it?
Hast thou lain in a field of clover
With the sunshine over?
Or hast plucked off the tree the great rose
Where the summer all glows?
Beyond such sweets can sweetness be?
O, more subtle, O, more fresh, O, more sweet is the strawberry.

[L. K., Highgate.]

STRAWBERRIES.

I.

If greedy wish, as preachers tell,
Should not within one's bosom dwell,
Then sinful I, who greedy spy
This wondrous berry;
A berry plump and rolling red,
Massy, yet on the palate spread
Soft as a fairy.

II.

His feast a glorious one I deem
Who has a silver pot of cream,
And some broad plate, heavy with weight
Of crowds of these.
He looks thereon, with merriment
He eateth them, and his content
Doth still increase.

III.

Our English land so soft and fair
Is clung with fruit thick ev'rywhere;
To speak of all, from tree or wall,
Were a long story.
But June's own stately patch receives
Ripe strawberries, blissful in their leaves,
Here is her glory.

[F. W. H., Cardiff.]

THE STRAWBERRY: A SUMMER SONNET.

Fair comes the Summer, fair and soft her charms,
With blessings dropping from her plentiful arms;
Amid her store there's nothing half so sweet
As strawberries, for gods and mortals meet.
The essence of the Summer's glory lies
Within the little fruit domes at your feet.
The fresh lush breath of morning in their sighs,
And dews of evening cool, in summer heat.
Begat by Spring's soft sun and softer showers,
They gladden with their parents' virtues fair
With morning light, they evening glory share
With tints that tell of Summer's burning hours,
A flavour, of the gods—a taste of bliss,
The strawberry, rich and luscious, Summer's kiss.

[H. P. B., Glasgow.]

THE STRAWBERRY.

The bonniest of English fruit,
Thou, strawberry, wast made
By kindly Providence to suit
Our "ninety in the shade."

All other fruits that grow and grew
We honour not the less;
But *thou* wert nurtured well in view
Of Summer's laziness.

No stones to mar thy juicy pulp,
No unforbidding peel—
We pick thee up, and at one gulp
Thy destiny reveal.

Gathered by many a red-faced quean,
'Neath the one-hour-old sun,
Thou'rt borne alike to Bethnal Green,
And stately Kensington.

Now London's demagogues may rest,
Well satisfied to see
How North and South, and East and West,
Consolidate in thee!

[G. W. S., Brixton.]

STRAWBERRIES.

Of all thy sins, insatiate trencherman,
This one, at least, shall not be pardoned thee:
When thou pokest, with indifferent clumsiness,
First in cream, then sugar, lastly in thy mouth,
The bulging spheroids—crimson strawberries,
Embroidered net-like with small golden points.
Such luscious ripeness, dainty savouring,
For thy gross palate is too good by far.
Come, walk with me the garden, and I'll show
How manna should be eaten! With respect
Approach the bed whereon the wandering plant reposes;
Inhale the sweetened breathing of the fruits;
And watch the ripened berries as they hang with fatness,
All be-bowled 'neath protecting leaves;
And see how, reaching down, they kiss the mother soil
That gave them birth and nursed them on her ample breast.
Now pluck, not large, but small and ripe and red,
And eat the berries as you pluck, with understanding—
Away with sickly sugar; sweet enough the fruit:
Away with cloying cream; soft enough the fruit!

Thus eat, as Nature gives, the strawberry,
And eating, thank the goodly earth, the sun, the rain,
For this among their handiworks, the most delicious.

[N. A., Beckenham.]

THE LAST OF THE STRAWBERRIES.

They are over, all but over,
Shrivelled, scorched for lack of rain;
Let the harmless blackbird hover
O'er the barren leaves in vain!

They are over! Like a vision
They come—they blush—and straight depart,
They mount to Alpine fields elysian,
To leave to us—a broken heart.

Gooseberries, cherries, other berries
Are unworthy of our care,
Let them float in Charon's wherries
On their Lethæ—anywhere!

They are over, they are over,
And (as ever) all too soon,
Ay, the Sussex strawberry lover
Breathes, perforce, these words—"Next June!"

Saint Swithin, tardy saint!—art weeping
Thy slow and ineffectual tear?
Too late!—For over is their reaping
Until our nineteen hundredth year!

[T. C., Buxted.]

Poems received also from A. J. E., London; T. H. S., Amsterdam; H. B., London; G. N., Clifton; H. D. H., Anglesea; L. M. L., Stafford; M. O. K., Dublin; N. H., London; S. P., Manchester; F. B., London; E. C. H., Bradford; J. H., Tunbridge Wells; H. G. H., Aldeburgh; E. H., Ledbury; G. S. A., Ilford; E. W., Croydon; J. D. A., Ealing; J. H., Tavistock; T. B. D., Bridgwater; E. M. S., London; G. W., Hull; E. C. M. D., Crediton; B. B., Birmingham; K., Oxford; W. M., Dunkeld; S. R. M., Glendevon; C. C. C., Hull; and Mrs. C., Redhill (please read rules).

Competition No. 42.

IN Father Russell's *Idyls of Killowen*, just published, are four pages of "Irish Literary 'Learics,'" of which this is an example:

Professor R. Yelverton Tyrrell
In Latin is brisk as a squirrel;
And e'en his Greek prose
As pleasantly flows
As the English of Lang or of Birrell.

We offer a prize of a guinea for the best English Literary "Learic." Any well-known writer may be taken, but the tone of the lines must be critical rather than personal.

RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, July 25. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 73 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names—both Christian name and surname—and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon, or stamps for the same; otherwise the first to be looked at will alone be considered.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, July 20.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Russell (Rev. Matthew), *Idyls of Killowen* (Bowden) 3/6
Little (Marion), *Essays on Browning* (Sonnenschein) 3/6
Arnold (Sir Edwin), *The Gullistan of Sa'di* (Burleigh) 3/6
Rogers (A.), *The Rájput's Bride* (Burleigh) 3/6
Strindberg (A.), *The Father*. Translated by N. Erichsen (Duckworth) 3/6
An Ideal Husband. By the Author of *Lady Windermere's Fan* (Smithers) 7/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Falkner (J. Meade), *History of Oxfordshire* (Stock) 7/6
Vizetelly (E. A.), *With Zola in England* (Chatto) 3/6
Parkman (F.), *The Oregon Trail* (Macmillan) 8/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Foa (E.), *After Big Game in Central Africa* (Black) 21/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Robson (H.), *The Principles of Mechanics* (The Scientific Press) 2/6
Hutton (P. W.), *Darwinism and Lamarckianism* (Duckworth) 3/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Fowler (J. H.), *Essay Writing* (Black) 2/8

NEW EDITIONS.

Hunt (Leigh), *The World of Books, &c.* (Gay & Bird) 2/6
Sterne (Laurence), *A Sentimental Journey*. "Temple Classics" (Dent) 1/6
Wordsworth (W.), *Sonnets*. "Temple Classics" (Dent) 1/6
Melville (C. J. Whyte), *Kate Coventry* (Ward, Lock) 3/6
Yonge (Charlotte M.), *The Two Guardians* (Macmillan) 3/6
Poe (E. A.), *The Raven, and The Pit and the Pendulum*.
With some Account of the Author by Vincent O'Sullivan (Smithers) 7/6

* * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Announcements.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish early next week the third number of the *Novelist*. This consists of a complete novel by Mr. Ernest Glanville, entitled "The Inca's Treasure," and is concerned with the adventures of an Englishman among the Indians and Gauchos of Peru.

MR. FISHER UNWIN will publish next week a novel by Mr. Jenner Taylor, entitled *Wanted a Hero*.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS has made arrangements to issue a large number of the novels that he has published in the course of the last two years in cloth boards for a couple of shillings apiece. The first volumes will be Mr. Frederic Breton's *True Heart*, and Mr. G. B. Burgin's *The Cattleman*. They will be followed by volumes from the pens of other popular writers.

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